

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

That Geo. Griffith's Grand New Romance
"GOLDEN STAR" commences in "Short
Stories" issued September 3.

Dunville's
Whisky
V R
OF ALL DEALERS
BELFAST.

PEARSON'S

WEEKLY

TO INTEREST,
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

DULCEMON
TEA
The only Tea selected for the Empire of India Exhibition, 1884.
At 1/6 to 3/- per lb.
Of First-Class Grocers
W & J W & J W & J W

No. 267.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE 0: 8 PENNY.]

THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP.

A ROYAL COMMAND from
H.R.H. The Grand Duchess
Peter of Russia.



Géant de la Cour et Aide de Camp de
S.A.I. le Grand Duc Pierre de Russie.
Translation: "Sir—Will you please
forward to the address of Her Imperial
Highness the Grand Duchess Peter of
Russia some Dress Grips, as per your
advertisement." Enclosed amount.
(Signed) BARON DE STALL
HOLSTEIN.—10th April, 1894.

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL NOVELTY OF THE SEASON.
READ THIS. From the "Draper's Record," July
16th, 1894:

"From an authentic source I hear that no less than
SEVEN MILLIONS of the Leopold Grip have been sold
in four months."

THE PRINCIPAL REASON OF THE MARVELLOUS SALE OF
THE "LEOPOLD" SKIRT GRIP

is its extreme simplicity. It is the only Grip made in one piece
without any troublesome Hook and Eye, and the only one that
attaches itself to the skirt.

Price 3d. PAT. N° 173 Price 3d.
each. each.

OF ALL DRAPERS THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.
Patentee and Inventor, L. MARKS, London Road, LEICESTER.

GALLAHER'S TWO-FLAKES TOBACCO.

THE KING OF PIPE TOBACCOES.
Owing to the numerous imitations of this excellent Tobacco, we recommend Smokers to see that they buy it in
our 1, 2, and 4oz. decorated Tins, secured by Patent Brand. **SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

Cadbury's

A Cocoa of the highest degree
of Purity and Nutritive Value.

"We have examined the samples brought under our notice, and find that they are
genuine, and that the Cocoa is just what it is declared to be by Cadbury Brothers."—*Lancet*.

NO CHEMICALS USED

(As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas).

CAMBRIC
Direct from the
Manufacturers.
Samples and
Price Lists
Post Free.

POCKET
"The Irish Cambrics of
Messrs ROBINSON & CLEAVER
have a world-wide fame."
The Queen.

HANDKERCHIEFS.
By Special Appointment to the Queen and Emperor Frederick of Germany.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

LINEN
Collars, Ladies' 2-fold, 2/6 per doz.
Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11
per doz.

COLLARS, CUFFS,
Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold linen fronts
35/6 per doz. (to measure 2- extra.)
"Exquisite quality, most
moderate in price."—*Draper's*
Journal.

AND SHIRTS.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

BEETHAM'S
Glycerine
& Cucumber

The 'Queen' of Toilet Preparations
FOR SUMMER USE. IT HAS NO EQUAL
FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT
AND SMOOTH AND COOL AND
REFRESHED
during the hottest weather.
REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL SUNBURN,
REDNESS, IRRITATION, FRECKLES,
Etc., Etc.

Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S" the
ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and
Perfumers. Higher also sent post free for 2d. extra, direct by the
Sole Makers, W. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

LAZENBY'S
HARVEY'S
SAUCE
PREPARED FROM
THE ORIGINAL RECIPE
BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL
Signed Elizabeth Lazenby

LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

"The Distingue" WATERPROOF.

FOR ALL WEATHERS AND ALL WEARERS.



In Dry Weather it serves as a Mantle.
To Rain or Storm it offers Absolute Defiance.

Free from Disagreeable Odour. Perfection
of Style and Finish. Charming Patterns.
A Perfect Waterproof Mantle.

THESE WATERPROOFS CAN NOW BE HAD WITH THE
INSIDE RUBBER SURFACE IN CHARMING DESIGNS, IN
APPEARANCE EXACTLY LIKE A WOVEN LINING. ASK FOR
"THE DISTINGUE" ART PROOFING.

TO BE HAD FROM LEADING DRAPERS, MANTLE
HOUSES, CLOTHIERS, &c.

Be careful to ask for "The DISTINGUE"
and see that every Waterproof has a silk
label, bearing the words "The Distingue,"
without which none are guaranteed.

Retailers can obtain all the Latest Novelties
from the principal Wholesale Warehousemen
in the United Kingdom.

THE FIRST GRAND "PIONEER" REDUCTION SALE.

REMARKS.—A lady customer writes complaining that we sent out too large a Carpet for the money. So this so on now, we
send out no Carpet measuring less than 6ft. by 9ft.—even for 3s. 6d. **TEST THEM. THEY WILL SURPRISE YOU.**
In the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE (Chancery Division). Hodgson v. Webb Brothers.—On the 15th day of July, 1895, His Lordship Mr.
Justice Glynne granted an interim injunction restraining Messrs. Webb Brothers, of Hackney Wick, from infringing Mr. Fredk. Hodgson's
Trade Mark, "Eclipse," No. 93,774 (Leeds).

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS.
100,000 "ECLIPSE" CARPETS.
(REGISTERED.)
3/6 **3/6**
SALE PRICE SALE PRICE
This Gigantic Offer is a Special Contract made with Readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY only.
We will Forward Direct from the Looms to Any Address, on Receipt of
Amount, a Genuine Woven, Seamless, Reversible Carpet.
THE LARGEST EVER SOLD AT THE PRICE.
Suitable for Sitting-room or Bedroom. Bordered and Woven in Art Colours, large enough to
cover any ordinary-sized room, as an advertisement for our goods, thus saving any Middle Profit.
Remember these are Woven, not Printed, and are made of a material almost equal to Wool.
Thousands of these Carpets and Rugs have already been sold at almost Double the Price.
A Rug sold with Carpet, in extra.
EACH. KILKEA Castle, Magency, co. Kildare, 17th August, 1894.—LADY EVA FITZGERALD writes:—"The 'Eclipse' Carpets supplied by
Messrs. F. Hodgson and Son—her ladyship is much pleased with them."

SPECIAL OFFER TWO CARPETS AND TWO RUGS. - 8s. 6d.
OR FOUR CARPETS AND FOUR RUGS. - 15s. 6d.

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" CARPET COUPON, 31-8-95.
On receipt of this Coupon and P.O.O. or stamps for amount, we
guarantee to send goods as above to your address in any part of
the United Kingdom. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.
(Signed) F. HODGSON AND SON.

F. HODGSON & SON, Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.
N.B.—NO AGENTS APPOINTED.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

LADIES OF ENGLAND INCREASE YOUR BEAUTY!

If you desire a beautiful complexion, nothing can equal FERGUSON'S GLYCERINE BALM to enable you to obtain it. It is a superior and elegant preparation, and by its use the skin is rendered soft, smooth, and white. However rough, red, or chapped it may be, and all other blemishes caused by the Sun, Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, Sea Bathing, &c., and all susceptibility to Tan, Freckles, and Red Skin will be avoided.

FERGUSON'S COMPOUND GLYCERINE BALM

Has a reputation of 20 years—being used by all classes. It is sold in bottles at 1/- and 2/6 each by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores throughout the world, or either size will be sent, post free, to readers naming this paper, for 12 or 30 Stamps by the Sole Proprietor—

W. B. MASON, Wholesale Druggist, LEEDS.

THE OKTIS CORSET SHIELDS

Double the life of your corset without increasing the size of your waist.

1/0½ per pair, from your Draper or Outfitter.



BE SURE YOU GET THE OKTIS.

ONE BOX

DR. MACKENZIE'S
HARMLESS ARSENIC
COMPLEXION WAFERS

will produce the most lovely complexion that the imagination could desire. Clear, fresh, free from blotch, blemish, acne, redness, freckles, or pimples. Sent post free for 4s. 6d. These are the original and ONLY GENUINE HARMLESS Wafers. ALL OTHERS are imitations.

Report by Dr. A. B. Griffiths, F.R.S. (Edin.), F.O.S.—"I hereby certify that Dr. Mackenzie's 'Arsenic Wafers,' prepared by S. Harvey, are absolutely harmless, and may be taken without hesitation."

S. HARVEY, Balham Hill, London, S.W. And all Chemists and Drug Stores.

BORWICK'S POWDER



EPILEPTIC FITS. TRENCH'S REMEDY

What some Independent Witnesses say:
Rev. J. G. MONTAGUE, Vicar of Coven, Wiltshire: "Your patient has had no attacks since he began your medicine."
Rev. TUDOR ROGERS, Beaconsfield, Bucks: "The results have been most satisfactory."

Write for Circular and Full Particulars to THE MANAGER, REMEDY DEPOT, 33, St. Frederick St., Dublin.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL
BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS
SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION,

WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION,
DISORDERED LIVER, AND FEMALE AILMENTS.

In Boxes, 9d., 1s. 1d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

The 1/4 box contains 56 pills.

THE SALE IS NOW SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

PREPARED ONLY BY THE PROPRIETOR.

THOMAS BEECHAM, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers Everywhere.

FERGUSON'S

INDISPENSABLE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD!
Is superseded by Best, Lard, and Cooking Butter, for Frying, Baking, Pie-Crust, Frying and Cooking.

It is made from best fresh English Beef Suet only. Has no trouble of Chopping. Always ready for use. One pound goes as far as two pounds of Raw Suet. It is always sweet.

Digestible and Wholesome.—DR. G. BOWMAN.

REGISTERED

Absolutely Pure.—F. A. ESTICOURT, Analyst.

ALL GROCERS AND PROVISION DEALERS.

On receipt of 6d. (stamps) a sample 1-lb. box will be forwarded; or address of nearest retailer will be sent on application to the Sole Manufacturers,

HUGON & CO., LTD.,
Pendleton, Manchester.

BEEF SUET

For Ladies Travelling



Are Indispensable!!

They are the greatest invention of the century for Women's Comfort, at the cost of washing only.
Sold by Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, and Chemists, all over the World.
Size 1 - 1/- per doz. Size 2 - 2/- per doz.
Size 3 - 3/- per doz. Size 4 - 4/- per doz.
Size 5 - 5/- per doz. Size 6 - 6/- per doz.
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WHOLESALE AGENTS:
SHARP, PERRIN & CO., 31, Old Change, London.
R. C. STAPLEY & SONS, London Wall, London, E.C.

ISLE OF MAN.

Most Popular Resort in the Kingdom.
Yachting, Rowing, River, Bay, and Deep-sea Fishing; Bathing, Coaching, Cycling, Golfing, Tennis, Cricketing, and Mountaineering. Guides, map, hotel and boarding-house lists. Get free by Mr. T. KHIG, 5, Abbot Street, Douglas, Man; or 27, Imperial Buildings, London, E.C.

KEATING'S POWDER

DESTROYS
BUGS
FLEAS
MOTHS
BEETLES

LARGER TINS 3/6 & 1/-

Towle's Pennyroyal Steel Pills

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1/1 and 2/6 (the latter contains three times the quantity) of all Chemists, or will be sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 24 stamps by the maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham. Beware of Imitations, Injurious and Worthless.

H. SAMUEL'S 10/6 WATCH

Excellent and beautiful watches, beautifully engraved as shown. Perfect timekeepers. Delivered FREE AND SAFE to any address for 10/6. Send P.O. Order today, with this announcement, and a beautiful watch will be sent FREE with each order. Full amount returned if unsatisfied. Over 2,000 STARTLING BARGAINS are announced. 2,000 Samuel's New Patent Chronometers. Real Gold Chronometers, 2/6; Real Gold Chronometers, 1/6; Albert Chain from 1/4. Splendid designs. HUNDREDS of amazing testimonials. Finest Electro Silver Plate and Cutlery, at FINEST COST. Fine Quality Clocks, &c., at WHOLESALE PRICES. Solid Sterling Silver "ALICE" Watch (ladies and gentlemen's); worth a guinea. H. Samuel's price 2/6. A FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY and MONTHLY FREE TRIAL allowed. A HANDSOME PRIZE FREE with each. Particulars and Prize List sent with H. Samuel's Interesting Catalogue, GRATIS and POST FREE to any address. Don't waste money on worthless imitations. Be sure to SEND TO H. SAMUEL direct, and enclose this announcement, from the PEARSON'S WEEKLY (Largest English Watch Manufacturer, H. SAMUEL, 67, 69, 71, 73, & 75, Market St., MANCHESTER.

TRY THE CELEBRATED 'JO-GAR' CORSET BUSK

Spoon. Price 6d. per pair. Size 10 to 13 1/2 in. long. THEY WILL NOT BREAK. Over 2,000,000 Pairs already sold, giving universal satisfaction. Every pair guaranteed. They maintain their pre-eminence everywhere. Kept by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters. Refuse worthless imitations. Send for sample pair, post free 7 stamps, from THE 'JO-GAR' CORSET BUSK COMPANY, ASHBURNE, DERBYSHIRE.

The 'Jo-Gar' Health Corsets Are the best in the world for strength, style, and hard wear. The busks will not break.

"MOONLIGHT" VAPOUR CYCLE LAMP. (Patent.) No Oil! No Dirt! No Smell!!! 1. Instantaneous Lighting. 2. No Wick Trimming. 3. Light given best gas. Prices—5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 12/6, 15/-, and 17/6, post free 6d. extra.

OTHER PATTERNS—Night, Canning, Piano Lamps, &c. Illustrated Catalogue, free to readers of Pearson's Weekly from the Moonlight Lamp Co., Parkview Chambers, Liverpool.

"JUNO" CYCLES

Are the Very Best JUNO Roadsters 26 lbs.; JUNO Lady's Safety and Youth's Safety. CASH DISCOUNT & CARRIAGE PAID. Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any of the world, interesting and valuable to all. H. J. B. POTTAN, "MACHINISTS" CO., LTD., 75 & 77 Bishopsgate Wharf, London, E.C. 2. N.B.—JUNO is a Registered Trade Mark.

STANTON, PEOPLE'S DENTIST.

25, STRAND (Opposite Somerset House). TEETH ON VULCANITE, 2s. 6d. each, upper or lower set, 21. Best quality, 4s. each, upper or lower, 21. Completed in four hours when required. Repairing or alterations in two hours. Teeth on platinum, 7s. 6d. each, on 18c. gold, 15s. 6d. each, on 14c. extraction, 1s. 6d. painless, by gas, 6d.

House 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

D'ALMAINE'S PIANOS & ORGANS

Story & Clark, Bell Smith, and D'Almaigne's are the best pianos in the world. Ten years' warranty, easy terms. From 10 guineas. Est. 117, Regent St., London, W.1.

INVENTORS

An invention protected for £1. Hand-book "How to Patent an Invention," giving full particulars, forms, &c., free from HUGHES & YOUNG, "Patent Editors" to the principal newspapers, 25, Coleman Street, London, E.C. Established 1839. Inventors assisted in working or selling inventions.

GREY HAIR.

Prof. E. BLANCHER'S "Walnutone" is the greatest scientific invention of modern times. It cures Grey Hair to any desired shade without staining the scalp or clothing. "Walnutone" is the only hair restorer that is clean, economical, absolutely harmless, not troublesome, no dirty sediments, no unwholesome fumes, does not retard the growth, is in one liquid form, and is not a dangerous preparation. 34 extra made in all shades. Guaranteed to contain no Lead or Sulphur, and is not an injurious preparation. Write—Prof. E. BLANCHER, 55 and 56, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

BLUSHING

Permanently Cured. A Pamphlet, giving sound, practical advice and full particulars of a successful treatment for a rapid, simple, and inexpensive home cure, forwarded free to all upon receipt of stamps in a dressed envelope. PROF. F. W. HOLT, A.R.C.S., Chambers, West Strand, London. (Mention Pearson's)

FREE GIFT!

100 Ladies' or Gent's Cards (name and address) presented with every order for 100 sheets of Note Paper, your address in gold, and 100 envelopes to match. P.O. for 3/6, post free next day. ADOLPHI & CO., 104, HIGH HOLBORN.

RUPTURE

CURED WITHOUT OPERATION. S. J. SHERMAN, HERNIA SPECIALIST. SENDS FREE MOST INTERESTING BOOK OF FULL INFORMATION. POST FREE. 64, MARK LANE, & 29, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

RED NOSES

PERMANENTLY CURED IN A FEW DAYS. Treatise and full particulars post free, two stamps. PROF. C. T. DUNCAN, 39, Baker Street, London, W.

BLUSHING

Positively cured by scientific method. Practical Treatise (the cause, symptoms, and treatment) post free 3 stamps.—PROF. C. A. KENDAL, 4, Chapel St., Chesham Square, London, W.

PATENTS

Handled free, selected charges. Book free on sending this paper. HENRIETTA HARRIS & CO., 14, BUCKINGHAM ST., W.C., London.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 267.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATE.

WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1895.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

SOMEWHERE, out on the blue seas sailing.

Where the winds dance and spin;

Beyond the reach of my eager hailing,

Over the breakers' din;

Out where the stormy clouds are lifting,

Out where the blinding fog is drifting,

Out where the treacherous sand is shifting,

My ship is coming in.

Oh, I have watched till my eyes were aching,

Day after weary day;

Oh, I have hoped till my heart was breaking,

While the long nights ebbed away;

Could I but know where the waves had tossed her,

Could I but know what storms had crossed her,

Could I but know where the winds had lost her,

Out in the twilight grey!

But though the storms her course have altered,

Surely the port she'll win;

Never my faith in my ship has faltered,

I know she is coming in;

For through the restless waves of her roaming,

Through the mad rush of the wild waves foaming,

Through the white crest of the billows combing,

My ship is coming in.

Breasting the tides where the gulls are flying,

Swiftly she's coming in;

Shallows and deeps and rocks defying,

Bravely she's coming in;

Precious the love she will bring to bless me,

Snowy the arms she will bring to caress me,

In the proud purple of kings she will dress me,

My ship that is coming in.

THE SNEEZE-WOOD TREE.

THIS remarkable tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its funny name was given to it because one cannot saw it without sneezing violently.

The dust of its wood has just the same effect as the strongest snuff, and is so irritating to the nose that workmen are obliged to sneeze even when they are planting it.

If a piece of the wood of this tree is put in the mouth it is found to have a very bitter taste, and no doubt it is this bitterness which prevents insects of any kind from attacking the timber of the "sneeze-wood" tree.

The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last a long time.

HIS PRICE.

IN certain ready-made clothing shops the most valuable salesman is not the one who can sell a coat to the man who wishes to buy, but the one who can sell a coat to the man who doesn't want to buy. A witness who was giving evidence in an East-end court must have been a salesman.

He was testifying against a man who had stolen a pair of pantaloons from his shop.

"How much are the trousers worth?" asked the magistrate.

"Well, your worship," responded the witness, "it depends on the man who wants to buy them. I sell them to one man for 30s., to another for 25s., but you can have them for 23s. 6d."

"Sir," responded his honour, in a disgusted tone, "I want you to tell me what those trousers are worth."

"Ah, your worship," said the Israelite, "take 'em for 23 bob if 23s. 6d. don't suit you."

"Look here," thundered the magistrate, "if you don't tell me the exact value of those trousers I will send you to gaol for contempt of court."

"Well, then," pleaded the obtuse witness, in a most insinuating tone, "take 'em for twenty. It is giving them away almost, but you can have 'em."

By this time the spectators were convulsed with laughter, and the magistrate himself was obliged to forget his disgust and join heartily in the laugh. He did not buy the trousers, however.

All rights reserved.]

VERY OBLIGING, CERTAINLY.

A READER of P.W. who writes from Montana, says he saw an Indian kill a rattlesnake in a peculiar manner recently. The rattler was about ten feet from the Indian, who was resting the rifle on his knee, apparently taking aim. Whenever he moved the weapon a few inches the snake would move round and get exactly in line with it. Then, to show how the thing was done, the Indian moved about the snake in a circle, and the reptile moved as if his tail was a pivot, always keeping his head and body in line with the gun.

The Indian then agreed to bandage his eyes, and shoot the snake in the mouth. The writer bandaged the Indian's eyes, and the latter, holding the gun at arm's length, pulled the trigger and the ball entered the snake's mouth.

"How did you take aim?" was the query.

"The snake he take aim," was the reply.

Our correspondent talked with an old hunter on this proposition, and he claims that a rattlesnake will always range directly in line with a gun or stick pointed at it.

GOOD USE FOR THE SHAWL.

ABOUT a week ago some young ladies got up a party to go on a moonlight excursion up the river. The night finally arrived, and the moon flooded field and river with a glow of pearly richness. When the party was ready to leave the house which had been appointed as the rendezvous, it was noticed that one of the most charming young ladies of the coterie had a shawl on.

"What's the matter, Lucy?" inquired one young lady, "are you afraid of taking cold?"

"No, no," she replied.

"The thermometer is up to 86. You'll get so hot if you wear that shawl."

"I'm willing to get hot," she replied rather pettishly.

"Don't you know why she wears that shawl?" laughed her little brother, as he wiped some toffy off his mouth with the sleeve of his coat.

"You be quiet, John Henry," said the dear angel, as she turned a trifle red.

The boy got out of her reach and yelled: "I'll tell you why she wears that shawl. When she goes on the river Bob puts his arm under it and hugs her, and nobody can see through the game."

Then there was a scene. John Henry was driven summarily to bed, and the party started for the scene of the festivity—without the shawl.

A PIGEON POST SERVICE.

THE only regular pigeon post service is that which bears messages every day in the summer season between Los Angeles and the little town of Avalon, on Catalina Island, and bears them at a speed which can be beaten only by the telegraph or telephone.

The steamer runs once a day between island and mainland, and when it has cast loose from the wharf, the island is as completely cut off from the world as though it were in mid-ocean.

The pigeon post service was inaugurated last summer, and conducted for several weeks with unequivocal success. It was feared at first that the pigeons, which are distinctly "land birds," might hesitate to fly across so large a body of water; but, as far as known, there need have been no cause for anxiety on this point.

The message-bearers usually started without delay, arriving at their destination with a certainty and promptness almost incredible. The air-line distance from Avalon to Los Angeles is about fifty miles. This was accomplished by some of the pigeons in fifty minutes. From three to four hours is required to make the trip by railway and steamer.

Last year a considerable revenue was earned in the forwarding of dispatches from Catalina by the winged messengers. Small bills posted conspicuously about the town of Avalon convey the somewhat startling information to the irresolute islander that "Private messages and business orders may be forwarded at any hour of the day, and in connection with the telephone, telegraph, and cable lines to any part of the world."

FASHION'S VAGARIES.

HOW SOCIETY LADIES PERFECT THEIR BEAUTY.

"HAND me down the Princess Louise, please, and place the Duchess of Portland back on the shelf. Mind, now, or you'll break her arms, just like you did when you dropped Lady Cecil Montague last week. And why have you not dusted the Crown Princess of Greece and Lady Dudley?" This is the sort of remark which the most loyal and patriotic forewomen of the West-end dressmakers are making nowadays. There is nothing disrespectful about it, although it may sound rather so at first; for it has become the vogue now among fashionable ladies, and all of the sex who can afford it, each to possess her *alter ego*, lodged at her dressmakers, placed in a row with a lot of others, all labelled and kept ready at hand for the fitting of her customers.

Should you happen to obtain admission into the holy of holies at a costumier's whose customers include the ladies above referred to and others of equal scrupulousness over the fit of their dress, you will see every imaginable size and variety in shape of the female form divine—in papier-maché.

All the aristocratic ladies have exact models of their figures, with moveable arms and all complete, fashioned in papier-maché and covered with cloth. The employees do not require to take a single measurement of the lady herself. All they require is that a tight-fitting bodice of the lady's shall be sent to them, and from the various dimensions of that garment they can construct an absolutely exact model of the figure, just as the naturalist took the bones of the pre-historic animal and from it constituted the framework of the actual creature. This not only saves ladies the unpleasantness of measurement by tailors, but it enables them to avoid all sorts of inconveniences.

Many ladies have two models, leaving one at their costumier's and taking the other about with them on their travels, as inseparable companions—for the ingenuity of the inventor has gone to the length of making the figures packable in separate pieces.

This model is used by her maid for all sorts of purposes. Dresses can be made during the lady's absence, and when a gown comes home it can be tried on the model and criticised from every point of view.

Ladies' figures vary in shape as much as their faces do in expression. Two are rarely alike. Waists run from fourteen inches to fifty-six inches—a little over a yard and a half. The distinguished lady who owns this latter measurement is no other than—but, perhaps, she has made this assertion libellous by getting down an inch or two now.

At least, we can mention the proud possessor of the fourteen-inch waist. She is the Hon. Gertrude —; but, on second thoughts, it would be better to suppress her name, for by pleasing her we might displease hundreds of her rivals.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE YOU KNOW.—English Tourist: "How many persons do you seat on each bench?" Cable-car Conductor: "Five men and three women."

HUSBAND: "Have you done your best to economise this month, Mary, as I requested?"

Wife (brightly): "Oh, yes; I spoke to the grocer, the butcher, and the landlord, and got them to put off sending in their bills till next month."

FIRST COMING WOMAN: "That Miss Hardyhood will never get left."

Second Ditto: "How do you make that out?"

First Coming Woman: "Why, she got Percy Willets in the surf and held him under water till he promised to be her husband."

SMALL BOY: "Mamma wants you to send her up two barrels of those apples she was looking at."

Dealer: "All right, sonny."

"I say, couldn't you pour the two barrels into one big barrel?"

"Eh? What for?"

"Then she couldn't get it through the door of the pantry."

A QUESTION OF HONOUR.

I.
The hands of the clock in the railway station pointed to twenty minutes past ten. The big room was comparatively empty and quiet. The hurry and bustle of the day was over, and only a few silent and sleepy travellers were waiting for the next train. A little later the gay groups of theatre goers would come trooping in, but just now the business of the place was at a standstill.

Sitting in an angle formed by a projecting partition, which partially screened him from sight, was a young man—a tall, slender young fellow—who was evidently on the watch for something or somebody.

For a couple of hours he had occupied that corner, and during most of the time his eyes had been fixed upon the great doors which gave entrance from the street, scanning every newcomer with eager anxiety, almost fear, in his gaze.

Then as the stranger drew nearer or passed him by, his face would brighten as if with glad relief, and for a moment the cloud would pass from his brow.

But only for a moment, for presently the trouble and the fear would return to shadow his face once more, and he would rest his head against the wall with a weary sigh.

He took out his watch now, and compared it with the clock.

"Only ten minutes more—he must take this train if he goes to-night—unless he gives it up! He may have come to his senses; Heaven grant it, for his own sake as well as Edith's."

This was what he was thinking as he put away his watch and fixed his eyes once more upon the entrance.

The slow minutes ticked themselves away, one by one the few passengers passed through the gate where the train was waiting, five minutes had gone—six—seven—eight—nine! and the young man's face lit with a joyful hope.

And then, just as he rose from his seat, picked up a small bag, and seemed about to depart, there was one more arrival, at sight of whom the young fellow sat down again, suddenly pallid and trembling.

This last comer made his way swiftly to the booking-office window, gathered up ticket and change as if in head-long haste, and went through the station without looking about him. Instantly the young man sprang up and followed him, fumbling for his ticket as he crossed the room. He passed through the gate, his steps hastened by the clang of the warning bell, his eyes keenly intent upon the man before him.

The pursued, unconscious of his pursuer, had gone into a first-class smoking carriage, and there the young fellow followed. The train was already in motion as he swung himself into the carriage, which, as it happened, had been an empty one.

He went over to the corner where the man he sought had already ensconced himself, and dropping into the seat beside him, said:

"Halsey!"

A perceptible start and a look of angry amazement were his answer. He shrank from that look visibly, and for a moment he wavered and seemed to hesitate. Then he spoke timidly, hurriedly, with many pauses:

"Don't be angry, Halsey—I came because I couldn't help coming. Don't you see I had to come? And you'll let me talk to you; you'll listen to me, won't you, Halsey?"

He looked so young, so boyish as he spoke; his blue eyes fastened imploringly on the dark handsome face beside him, his lips quivering with the agitation he was trying to suppress.

But his companion ignored his appeal. He asked, sharply:

"How did you know where to find me? What made you come here?"

The young man's face flushed.

"I know where you are going, and with whom. I have been waiting for you," he answered.

"How did you get your information?"

"From the letter you dropped."

"So you read other people's letters! A fine employment for an honourable man!"

Halsey had thrust his hand into his breast-pocket, and was hastily examining its contents as he spoke.

"Stop, Halsey—stop! You shall not say such things to me! I can explain."

"Then will you kindly explain how long you have been prying into my private affairs? How often you have read my letters?"

"You can insult me, but you must give me a chance to speak. I tell you I never read a letter of yours until to-day, when I picked up the one you must have dropped as you left the office. I swear to you, Halsey, that I picked it up and opened it without a thought of you, for the envelope was gone, and your name was not mentioned, as you may remember. It was not until I came to the signature that a suspicion of the truth flashed upon me, and at first I would not, because I could not, believe it. But as I sat there, bewildered and fearful, a great many things over which I had wondered lately came back to me, and made my suspicions certain. And I determined to follow you, and—"

"Interfere still further in what did not concern you!"

meekly.

"Doesn't it concern me? It certainly concerns my sister, to whom you are engaged, you will allow."

"I acknowledge her right to an explanation, but I deny yours. You have taken the wrong way with me, Edgar."

Edgar only said: "After I read that miserable letter, it seemed to me as if I had lost my ideal, for you were always my ideal, Halsey; you were the one I set myself to imitate from my schoolboy days onward. And that boyish admiration and confidence has never changed—it only grew stronger with years. But now—"

His voice failed.

There was a short pause. When Halsey spoke again the

angry look had softened, his voice was more gentle, though still cold. "You are a good boy, Edgar. I am sorry I spoke so harshly to you, but I was excited. Forgive my unkind words, and let our conversation end here."

"Give me a few minutes now; only let me show you—"

"There is nothing that you could say that would have the least effect on my purpose. Do you suppose I could take such a step as I am taking to-night and not know all its entail?"

"And you are willing to give up everything and every-body you once cared for?"

"If you weigh the love of the only woman in the world who can make my happiness against 'everything and every-body,' yes, more than willing."

"You think, then, that the companionship of this woman—false wife, faithless mother, treacherous friend—will make you happy? You are not afraid? Afraid that as she has so easily broken her marriage vows she—"

"Not another word! What do you know about the life she has led with that brute? Four years of torture—and you dare to blame her for escaping from it? Why, it will need a lifetime of love and devotion to make her forget all she has suffered with Mallock! But she shall have it—and she deserves it, let the world say what it will."

Edgar's eyes lit with sudden resentment.

"What, then, does my sister Edith deserve? Have you no pity for her? Or have the wrongs of Mrs. Mallock made you entirely forgetful of all other rights?"

"Ah, Edgar, you may believe me or not, just as you choose, but that is the only regret I have. Yet it all grew out of a mistaken idea—a mistake, and nothing more. I was acting ignorantly—I had always looked up to your sister, revered her, felt myself unworthy of her in so many ways, and I thought that that was love when it was only worship."

Again there was a short silence broken by Halsey.

"Now, listen to me, Edgar. Your mission has failed—you can see that—and your wisest course will be to leave the train at the first stopping-place and go home. Your presence is not only useless, it is painful. Besides—he hesitated a moment—"I shall not be alone many hours more, and you must not force yourself upon her."

"And what am I to say to Edith and to my father? Tell them all?"

"By no means. I will write to-morrow, and say all that need be said. You can return quietly, say nothing of where you have been, and leave the future to shape itself. The less said the easier for Edith, and I would spare her all unnecessary pain."

"You are very considerate. I trust Edith will appreciate your care for her."

"That will do, Edgar. Have you anything more to say?"

"What more can I say if you are bent on self-destruction? If you are determined—"

"I am."

"To sacrifice everything that makes life worth living for the pleasure of running away with another man's wife. Your counsels, your example, have helped and guided me from my boyhood, and must I lose my faith in you now? Am I to think of you henceforth only with sorrow and shame? Once more, let me implore you—"

The sentence was never to be finished. A sudden jerk, a swaying movement, then a violent lurch sideways and forward, and the next instant a crash, and all was blank!

II.

HALSEY BROCKTON tried to sit up and look about him. The movement was gently but firmly prevented. Then, as his sight grew clearer, he saw that a man was bending over him, cutting the sleeve from his right arm with the deftness born of practice. With a reassuring smile the stranger answered Halsey's questions as he worked.

"Yes, your arm is broken, and you have a few cuts and bruises, but nothing to worry about. You'll be very comfortable when I've set your arm and taken a couple of stitches in your head. Just lie still, that's all."

"But tell me, what happened? Did we run into a train?"

"No; but it was just as bad. The engine left the line and carried the train down a steep embankment. We've made a hospital of a house close to the spot for to-night. That's where you are now. The wonder is that everybody wasn't killed outright after such a fall."

The last words roused Halsey, still dazed and bewildered, to sudden remembrance. He said anxiously:

"There was a young man with me—rather boyish-looking, with blue eyes and fair hair—is he among the wounded, too? Have you seen him?"

The doctor was apparently too busy with his preparations for setting the broken arm to hear him, and Halsey repeated his question, adding:

"If he isn't hurt I want to see him. Couldn't you bring him here?"

But the doctor only shook his head, saying, very decidedly:

"See here, my dear sir, you've had about enough excitement for to-night. That was a stunning knock you got on the head, and unless you want to be worse instead of better in the morning, you must keep perfectly quiet."

Halsey felt himself too weak for further argument just then. He was conscious of a strange sinking, when everything seemed to be slipping away from him, and the voices of the doctor and his assistant sounded dull and far away.

And then, later in the night, when the pain and fever kept him sleepless, his thoughts were all of the woman who awaited his coming a hundred miles away, and to whom he could send no word.

He tormented himself with vain surmises. What would she think when she found he had failed her? What would she do? If she saw his name among the list of wounded in the newspapers she would understand, but where would she go? Where could she go? Would she wait in that strange city, alone in the hotel he had named, until he could join her? And when would that be possible? Edgar,

too—could he get rid of him now? And suppose Edgar had sent a telegram to his father, might not Mr. Forrest think it his duty to obey the summons? More than that, might he not bring Edith?

The blood rushed to his face as these thoughts presented themselves, and sleep became impossible. So the long night wore away, until at daybreak an incautious whisper from an attendant near his bed completed his misery.

"There's another one dead!" was what he heard.

"That young fellow we took out of the smoking carriage, you know. He roused up once, and the doctor got his name. It's Edgar Forrest, and they've telegraphed to his people. Too bad, isn't it?—he was so young."

Halsey turned faint and sick with the sudden shock.

Involuntarily he uttered a groan of anguish. The attendants heard him, and came to inquire what he wanted.

He asked only one question.

"Mr. Forrest—did you say he was dead?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he fell back on the pillow from which he had tried to lift himself, and was unconscious.

III.

HALSEY'S broken arm mended rapidly enough, but his other injuries seemed to be more serious than the doctors had supposed them to be at first. At least, that was the reason given for the excessively high fever and delirium from which he had suffered for more than a week after the accident.

But they had brought him home at last, and only his useless arm and excessive weakness proclaimed him an invalid.

But when Edith came to see him (which she did every day with her father) she thought he must be very ill, for he was so listless and silent. He would lie on the sofa with his eyes closed most of the time, yet he was not asleep.

He said that it fatigued him too much to speak often. So Edith, full of tenderest compassion for his weakness, would sit beside him, sometimes silent, and sometimes reading aloud, sometimes stroking his forehead with soft touches, and never suspecting that his soul was in a turmoil of unrest and uncertainty.

And there was no relief for him. From the hour of the accident he had heard not a word of the woman whose happiness he believed was in his keeping. To ask any questions was impossible. To write to her (even if he could have managed it with his left hand) was equally impossible, since he did not know where she might be. Her silence, too, was unaccountable. Why did she not write to him?

A day came when Halsey declared himself well, and with his arm still in a sling he turned his steps towards his club. Cordial greetings met him on every side; all the gay functions he had missed were described to him by one of the most accomplished gossipers of the club.

It was then that someone mentioned the name he had been so anxious yet half afraid to hear.

"Oh, yes," said one of a group near him. "Yes, I've heard all about it. Was there ever such a lucky dog as Fred Mallock? No sooner does that fellow get to the end of his fortune than an old uncle dies most conveniently and leaves him half a million more."

"It's too much luck for one man; just a beastly way of Fortune to pile all her favours on one fellow. Wonder what good it will do him?" said another. "He'll only throw it away, of course."

"Oh, no; not this time," answered a third. "Fred has really turned over a new leaf. He has sold his racing stud, forsworn cards, and gone abroad with his wife and boy. They sailed to-day, to be gone a year."

"Why, I understood that his wife was awfully down on him, even threatened to leave him," said a fourth man, looking up from his paper.

One of the listeners laughed. "So she was after he lost all his money, but the situation has changed now. I fancy Laura Mallock couldn't be very unforgiving to a husband with half a million."

"No, indeed," said the first speaker; "besides, the rôle of the injured wife was a favourite one with Mrs. Mallock—I have admired her in it more than once."

When Halsey left the club he felt at once intensely relieved and very much humiliated. He had been saved from the folly and ruin he had planned, but what a vain fool he had been! He had believed that this woman loved him—he had absolutely believed that he was necessary to her happiness—and all the time she had led him captive for her own ends.

The afternoon was so nearly gone that he decided not to go to Edith until after dinner.

As he entered the house Mr. Forrest met him and drew him into his study, explaining that Edith was engaged at the moment, but would make her appearance presently.

Halsey saw at once that his companion was agitated. Several times he began to speak, and then paused, as if uncertain. Once or twice he opened a drawer in his desk, hesitated, and then closed it again with an impatient sigh.

He started from his seat at last, and walked nervously up and down the room.

Then stopping in front of Halsey, he said abruptly:

"I know all about it; I know the reason of poor Edgar's last journey, and it has almost broken my heart! Did you think you could keep it from me, Halsey?"

Halsey could not move or speak; he could only listen. He bent his head to avoid meeting Mr. Forrest's eyes, and endeavoured to steady himself to gain control of his voice before answering, for he knew he must answer, though he knew not what to say.

The older man meanwhile kept up his restless walk to and fro, speaking in quick, short sentences, with many pauses.

"Yes. I know only too well what took Edgar away—and you—yet I would like to hear all you can tell me. I have waited—I hoped you would speak—but of course you

shrank from such a task—I understand. But now you must tell me all, without concealment—I can bear it."

Halsey raised a pale miserable face to his questioner. "Don't ask me—don't!" he said hoarsely. "How can you expect me to tell you? I want to forget it—it was a madness, nothing more!"

Mr. Forrest sat down and covered his eyes with one hand.

"You are right; it was madness; but that makes it all the harder to understand. Edith would not let me ask you at first. She—"

"Edith! Does Edith know? Has she known all the time?" interrupted Halsey, his pale face suddenly crimson, his eyes bent on the floor.

"Yes, why not? Who else could I go to in my grief? And in the first shock of my discovery I told her all."

"Oh, I am sorry! I did not want her to know. I would have kept it from her, not for my sake, but for her own," Halsey groaned.

"The only reason for keeping it from her would have been for Edgar's sake, of course, but it was impossible. Tell me truly how long had this folly been going on? Why did you not take counsel with me at first?"

"How can I answer such questions? It is impossible, as I have told you already. Besides, it can do no good now. Everything is ended, and it is left to you to pass sentence."

"I have no sentence to pass, Halsey. As far as my forgiveness goes it is full and free. All anger died out of my heart when I stood by Edgar's grave, and left only an undying sorrow in its place."

"Then you pity me—you do not think me altogether to blame?" asked Halsey, eagerly. Mr. Forrest looked surprised.

"Why should I blame you because he meditated a great wrong?"

"What wrong?"

"Halsey, you irritate me with these subterfuges. You know that Edgar went to meet another man's wife that night—you know she left her husband to elope with him. Can you deny this?"

"I can, and I do! You are mistaken, terribly, utterly mistaken!" exclaimed Halsey. "Edgar took that journey for a very different purpose, and—"

"Can you tell me that purpose?" interrupted Mr. Forrest incredulously.

Halsey had suddenly checked himself.

He had been on the brink of a full confession when Mr. Forrest's last question interrupted him. In that momentary pause it occurred to him that perhaps the elder man did not know as much as he thought he knew. And in that case a discreet silence might yet save him from the disclosure he dreaded more and more. So he kept silent until Mr. Forrest said impatiently:

"Will you tell me the purpose for which he went, if I am mistaken?"

"Is it not sufficient if I tell you that Edgar's act was a noble one, pure, unselfish as his life? Won't you believe me? On my honour, my sacred honour, I tell you so!"

Mr. Forrest looked at him sorrowfully for a moment, without speaking. Then he unlocked a drawer in his desk, took out a crumpled note, and held it up, saying quietly:

"I am sorry I cannot believe you, Halsey, but this letter makes it impossible. I found it in poor Edgar's pocket, and it tells its own story, despite your efforts to screen him. Better read it," holding out the paper. "Though if you had known what it says, how could you have followed him?"

Halsey's sudden exclamation as he put out his hand for the paper was his only answer. In an instant he had realised Mr. Forrest's mistake, and it had stupefied him. But the other was still speaking, and he tried to listen.

"And for that attempt to save him I shall ever be grateful to you, Halsey. As Edith says it was just like you, just what she would have expected you to do. As soon as you knew the folly and the wrong he proposed, you followed him to win him back—to save him from himself. And to think how nearly you lost your own life in the attempt! But Edith must reward you, I cannot."

And Halsey, holding in his hand the letter, whose every word he knew so well, listened in a tumult of self-contempt and fear. What should he say? The way of deliverance was open before him, but it was also the way of dishonour. To leave Edgar's father and sister in their error, to cast this stain on Edgar's memory, would be the basest treachery. He could not, would not, do it.

Yet to take the only honourable course and confess the truth would cost him too much. He would lose Edith—of that he felt sure—the gulf his revelations would open between them would be for ever impassable. He would despise himself if he took advantage of this deception, yet how could he give her up?

He sprang suddenly to his feet and walked to the door, regardless of Mr. Forrest's inquiries and protests. Turning back as he opened it, he said, hurriedly:

"I am still very weak, I find, and all this talk has overcome me strangely. Will you excuse me if I leave you so abruptly? I must get home at once."

"But Edith—she will be here in a moment—you can rest."

"You must ask her to forgive me, but I cannot see her to-night. I must go; good-night."

Mr. Forrest accompanied him into the hall with sudden apprehension.

"My dear Halsey, I fear you are ill; I will go home with you."

"No, no; I want no one. I shall do well enough. I need the air, but nothing more, thank you."

Halsey was sure that he heard Edith's voice, her sweet laugh, the soft rustle of her gown upon the stairs, but he dared not see her to-night. To-morrow, perhaps—when his decision had been made and his course chosen—but not now.

The next moment he had crossed the threshold and passed out into the night.

ON AN EQUAL FOOTING.

In the early sixties there flourished in Paris a writer who used his talent as a professional libeller. His real name was Jacquot, his *som de guerre*, Eugène de Mirecourt. One day there appeared a violent onslaught on the elder Alexandre Dumas.

The article openly taxed the great novelist with living on the brains of his collaborators. The father happened to be away from Paris; the son sent his seconds to Mirecourt.

"You say, gentlemen," said the biographer, "that you are acting on behalf of M. Dumas' son?"

The two gentlemen bowed assent; thereupon Mirecourt rings for his servant. "Tell my son to come to me," he orders.

And to his visitors' great surprise, there appears a little urchin, his face beamed with jam. Mirecourt, though, remains perfectly serious.

"Gentlemen," he remarks, at last, "I feel convinced that my son is as ticklish about his father's honour as the son of M. Alexandre Dumas is about his father's. As it is absolutely necessary that the rôles should be equal, you had better arrange matters with him."

With which he leaves the two friends of the future eminent dramatist.

THE CIRCUS RING.

IN various ways the circus of the present day differs from that of the past, but the ring remains unchanged; it is always forty-two feet nine inches in diameter. Go where you will, search the world from China to Peru, with diverging trips to the frosty Caucasus and the desert of Sahara, and never a circus will you find without a ring forty-two feet nine inches in diameter.

There is a reason for this remarkable uniformity. Circus riders and circus horses are nomadic; wherever their wanderings bring them they must find the ring always the same else they will be disturbed in their performance, if not really rendered incapable. Trained to the forty-two feet nine inch ring the horse and his rider have grown used, worn, one might say, to the exact angle of declivity towards the centre of the ring which the radius of twenty-one feet and a given speed produce.

The mound on the circumference of the ring always has on the inside a bevel, so to speak, of earth, at the same angle as that into which radius and speed throw the driver. As for speed, that, after the horse has gone round two or three times and is warmed to his work, is the same through the act. In fact a strap generally holds his head so that he cannot get beyond a certain pace.

The ringmaster snaps his whip, the clown shouts, the band plays louder and louder; but the horse knows just how much this empty show means, and jogs on at the same old pace, until, with the last jump through a tissue balloon, the act is ended.



WHAT WAS THE HARM?

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm; We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm,

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm? The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm,

We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies swarm, It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

A bird from the hedge whirring up, broke the charm; He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,

And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

BREAD may be the staff of life, but a saddle of mutton makes the journey easier.

TOMMY: "Pa, the teacher says that if a man gets dyspepsia it may make him bald-headed. Is that so?"

Mr. Figg: "It is."

Tommy: "Then if a man eats too much pie, would he be pie-bald?"

SHE: "Papa says that when coming to see me you must not come in a 'bus any more."

He: "Really! Does he expect me to walk all this distance?"

She: "Of course not. He says all he asks is that you will come in a carriage, hired by the hour."

Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?

"Not I. And you?"

"I am convinced of it."

"Indeed! Then what were you once upon a time?"

"An ass."

"When?"

"When I lent you that sovereign!"

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SET.

PERHAPS the only particular in which the Prince of Wales does not display his customary tact is in the selection of his friends and associates. Some of these, at any rate, are chosen without regard to their birth, breeding, or merit, but solely because they have manifested a special faculty for providing him with entertainment. He is the most easily-bored man under the sun—a perfect martyr to *cruelty*, and any one like the late Sir James Mackenzie, surnamed "the benefactor," who started in life as a hatter; or Mr. Benben Sassoon, the Parsee, who possesses the means of dispelling that *cruelty*, at once becomes an intimate associate at Marlborough House and Sandringham.

Were the Prince to drop these people when the novelty was worn off, and their resources for providing amusement are exhausted, there would not be much reason to deplore His Royal Highness' lack of tact in the choice of his associates. He possesses, however, in a very marked degree that valuable quality, loyalty to his friends. No man is more true to his chums and associates than the future King of England.

I almost hesitate, after writing this, to mention the names of the Prince's intimate friends and habitual associates, and beg my readers to believe that I have eliminated those to whom exception might be taken. The list comprises Lord Carrington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord Londonderry, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Hastings, Sir Allan Young, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Lord Rosebery, Lord and Lady Warwick, Mr. Alfred Rothschild, Baron Hirsch, Sir Henry Calcraft, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Cadogan, and the Duchess of Manchester, who, with her children, is a frequent and welcome guest at Sandringham.

In the first line, too, among the Prince's associates are his equerries, his lords and his gentlemen in waiting, who are in constant attendance upon him.

The one who assuredly exercises the most healthy influence upon His Royal Highness is General Sir Dighton Probyn, the controller and executive chief of the household. He owes his position not to family or fortune, but to his splendid record as a soldier. One of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny, where he won the coveted distinction of the Victoria Cross by an act of gallantry; a tall, grey-bearded, soldierly man, unpretentious, but full of quiet dignity; indeed, he appears so quiet and calm that it requires some effort to realise that he is the same dashing, dare-devil cavalry leader whose prowess caused the name of Probyn's horse to be famed and respected to this day throughout the length and breadth of India.

Next to Sir Dighton Probyn, the most important member of the Prince's *entourage* is Sir Francis Knollys, the pearl of private secretaries, and certainly the most blindly devoted of all H.R.H.'s associates. He is the personification of discretion and patience, which latter quality proved of singular advantage to him ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, when he was wont to be the favourite butt of the sometimes exasperating witticisms and practical jokes of the Prince and his set.

In fact, it is difficult to believe that he can recall the famous voyage to India without a shudder. Scarcely a day passed, while on board ship, without his being teased. The "booby traps" and "apple-pie beds" to which he was then subjected should certainly be taken into consideration when he retires from active service and takes his pension.

Sir Francis Knollys always reminds me of a collie dog in his honest and unswerving loyalty to his Royal master. His sole object in life seems to be to spare the Prince all trouble, annoyance, and anxiety, and to shield him from any possible harm.

Probably the equerry to whom the Prince was most attached was Sir Francis' brother-in-law, Harry Tyrwhitt Wilson, who died a year or two back. In addition to his invariable and imperturbable good humour, he was the only one of the Prince's attendants who may be said to have been absolutely disinterested. He had nothing to gain by his office of equerry, either financially or socially. As proprietor of the Keythorpe Hall estates, and heir to his mother's property, as well as to her ancient peerage, dating back to the days of King Henry VI., he was thoroughly independent, and it was this particular that endeared him to his Royal master.

The latter has so frequently found his friendship and favour used by members of his *entourage* to serve private and selfish interests—of course, General Probyn and Frank Knollys are out of the question—that he appreciates more than any one else, the value of that rarest and most highly prized of all good things, disinterested friendship and affection.

Few people have any idea how well read a man is the Prince of Wales. I remember, a year or two ago, being much amused by seeing a paragraph in the London *World* over the signature of the late Edmund Yates, declaring that "His Royal Highness' reading is very limited." Quite the reverse is the case.

There are several French authors, notably Alphonse Daudet, Zola, and Bourget, who make a point of sending one of the very first copies of each of their works to the Prince of Wales. I recall M. Gambetta expressing to me, on one occasion, the most unbounded surprise that a man who had the reputation of being so exclusively addicted to pleasure should have read so much.

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

2619. Are there any Examples of Authors Refuting their Own Works?

The two most striking are perhaps those of Thomas Cooper and Leo Taxil, both bitterly anti-Christian writers, who recanted and deliberately set themselves to refute their former teachings. Cooper, in the interests of Protestantism, and Taxil in those of Roman Catholicism. In the domain of philosophy, as might be expected, there are many instances of writers who, in the maturity of their intellect, have found it necessary to withdraw or refute much that they had written in comparative ignorance and inexperience, and finally there is the notorious second edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason," in which Immanuel Kant laboured so profoundly to make the meaning of the first edition clearer, that he unconsciously refuted himself, and involved two important points of his theme in such obscurity that Schopenhauer bluntly declared that he did not understand himself.

2620. Has Idleness ever been Punishable by Law?

Owing to the break-up of feudalism, the dissolution of the monasteries, and the conversion of large tracts of arable land into pastures, England was infested with large numbers of idle persons in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and very stringent laws were passed to repress them. In the 22nd year of Henry the Eighth it was enacted that people who were taken in begging should be tied to a cart and beaten with whips till the blood came, and this whipping was to be repeated till they "put their bodies to labour." If they added fortune-telling and quack medicine to their idleness, they were liable, not only to be scourged, but to have both ears cut off. Undergraduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge might beg if they were authorised under the seal of the Chancellor or Vice-Chancellor, otherwise they were to be whipped. Even these severe penalties were found to be ineffective, for, only five years later, a law was passed which provided that "the sturdy vagabond," who by the previous Act was punishable with mutilation of the ear, should, if found the third time offending, "suffer pains and execution of death, as a felon and an enemy of the commonwealth." This law proved ineffectual through over-severity, and in the following reign it was enacted that persistence in idleness should be punished with branding and perpetual slavery; but this obnoxious law was soon after repealed, and milder punishments were adopted. A still more rational policy gradually came into vogue, and, in the famous Poor Laws of Elizabeth, we find that the parish authorities were bound to provide work for the unemployed, and no penalties for idleness appear to have been considered necessary.

2621. To what Extent has the Relative Employment of Women Increased in this Country During the Last Ten Years?

Nearly 4 per 1,000. In 1881 out of every 10,000 females above ten years of age in England and Wales 3,405 were returned as employed, and in 1891 the figures had increased to 3,442. Between the ages of ten and fifteen there is an increase of 12 per 1,000; between fifteen and twenty-five the increase is 12.2 per 1,000; and between twenty-five and forty-five it is 6 per 1,000. Beyond these ages, between forty-five and sixty-five there is a decrease of 11 per 1,000, and above sixty-five a decrease of 23 per 1,000. From the point of view of particular occupations there is a marked increase in the employment of girls under fifteen years in the dress and stay-making trades, tailoring, cotton and worsted manufactures, and the boot and shoe making industries. In hotel service, the drapery trade, tailoring and shoe-making, in which men and women

compete, women have made a distinct advance. Steam laundries have drawn more women than were employed under the old system, and the two professions of teaching and sick nursing both show increases over ten years ago. There is also an increase in each of the following: commercial clerks, paper-box and bag makers, tobacconists, Civil Service, printing trades, telegraph and telephone services. The most striking instances of a falling off in female labour are found in those engaged in domestic service, in the textile trades, especially in the large towns of Lancashire, among married women, shirt makers, and seamstresses. There is also a decrease in women engaged in agriculture.

2622. Which Insect has the most Curiously Varied Existence?

Practically all insects pass through four stages, those of the egg, the larva (grub or caterpillar), the chrysalis, and the perfect insect. In none perhaps is the transformation more curiously carried out than in the case of the ordinary gnat. The female lays her eggs in a mass on the surface of the water. The eggs would sink if separate, but are so cleverly glued together, that the whole mass, which is shaped like a boat, is practically unsinkable. In a short time the grubs leave the egg and swim rapidly about, always head downwards, and with the tail in the air. The reason of this is that the breathing is carried on through a spiracle in the tail. The third stage is that of the nymph (a kind of chrysalis) in which the creature looks like the perfect insect wrapped in a transparent veil. It now floats near the surface, moving about by means of its tail and two terminal swimming organs, with its back in the air, because the breathing in this stage is carried on through two little tubes at the back of the thorax. Next, the chrysalis-case, rendered partly empty and more buoyant by the contraction of the body of the insect inside, rises and falls horizontally on the top of the water. The sun dries the upper part of the case, which splits down the back, forming a kind of raft, on which the insect sails about till its wings have extended and dried. Another curious existence is that of the horse-gadfly. The eggs are laid on the hairs of a horse, invariably on a spot which the animal is able to reach with his tongue. The horse licks the eggs off the hairs, the warmth and moisture of the mouth hatch out the grubs. These find their way into the stomach, where they fasten themselves by two hooks. They remain there feeding on the juices of the stomach. When the grub is full grown, the hooks break off, the grub passes out, falls to the ground, burrows, becomes a chrysalis, and in time a perfect insect.

2624. Which Lower Animal Eats the Greatest Varieties of Food?

The choice lies between the dog, the bear, and the monkey. The dog is so thoroughly the companion of man, that, while he has preferences, he will eat almost anything that his master eats, and therefore may be said to be as omnivorous as man. On a level with the dog, and possibly surpassing him in this regard, the bear subsists on a very varied diet. The Ursid, or bear tribe, appear to be capable of sustaining existence upon a purely animal or purely vegetable diet, or to be carnivorous or vegetarian at will. They will contentedly feed and thrive on fruit, honey, nuts, snails, roots, and other similar articles of diet, and rarely attacking the higher animals, except when driven by privation. The grizzly bear and the Polar bear are great flesh eaters, but in summer the former feeds largely on acorns, and the latter eats grass greedily. Their teeth, like those of human beings, are suitable for a mixed diet. They have the sharp cutting or pointed tooth of the carnivora, and the flat grinding tooth of the herbivora. The Rev. J. G. Wood shows that monkeys feed on animal and vegetable food; the animal portion being chiefly composed of various insects, eggs, birds, and cockroaches. The vegetable diet ranges through most of the edible fruits. Other animals might be mentioned, but those here named seem to stand on a level as to their capabilities for subsisting on a great variety of food. Having regard to the physiological aspect, the bear, with its mixed teeth, may claim to have the first place.

2623. Has an Impostor ever Occupied an European Throne?

This happened in the year 1605. Ivan the Terrible, Tsar of Russia, died in 1584, leaving two sons, Feodor and Demetrius. The former succeeded as Tsar, and the latter was murdered. On the death of Feodor, his brother-in-law, Boris Godounof, was elected to the throne. In the reign of this sovereign, a pretender appeared in the person of Gregory Otrepieff, a monk, who claimed to be Demetrius, whose death, he said, had been falsely reported. The unpopularity of the reigning Tsar pre-disposed the people to regard the pretensions of Gregory with favour. The impostor sought the assistance of the King of Poland, who, for his own purposes, pretended to believe in the genuineness of his claim, and furnished him with an army. Towards the end of 1604 he invaded Russia, and defeated Boris in several engagements. Boris died in April, 1605, and in the following June the false Demetrius entered Moscow in triumph, and was received by the people with every mark of enthusiasm. He reigned for several months with great vigour, but a counter-revolution broke out, and he was assassinated. Three more pretenders arose within a few years, claiming to be either Demetrius or his son, but none of them succeeded in reaching the throne of the Tsars.

2625. Which English King was the Greatest Warrior?

Though at first one is dazzled by the exploits of William I., Richard, Edward III., and Henry V., mature consideration must accord this distinction to Edward I., in whom, with the personal prowess of Richard, was combined the generalship of Henry. His wars, moreover, were neither the outcome of the lust for battle that distinguished Cœur de Lion, nor of that selfish ambition that sullied the victories of Henry V., but "of a judicious perception of the advantages to be derived, not by England alone, but the invaded countries—Wales and Scotland—from their union into one kingdom. He was ambitious, not so much of being the conqueror as the benefactor of the whole island." He was slow, too, to shed blood, and never was conquest more merciful than that of Wales. Freeman, speaking of the Scottish war, says: "If any man's conduct ever was marked by thorough justice and disinterestedness, that of King Edward was so marked throughout the whole business. . . . He was the greatest and noblest king that England had seen for eight hundred years!"

2626. What is the Finest Literary Work ever Published of which the Name of the Author is Unknown?

The authorship of the book of Job has never been finally determined, and as this is admittedly the finest literary production of its class, quite apart from its position in the Bible, it must take the first place among the anonymous literary works of the world. Whether Homer ever existed as an individual or not, the poems of which the Iliad and Odyssey are composed have so long been ascribed to such a personality, that it is impossible to think of them as anonymous. Among the works of modern times, whose authorship has never been settled, the "Ikon Basilike," written in the reign of Charles I., and ascribed sometimes to him and sometimes to Bishop Gauden, and the celebrated "Letters of Junius" may be allowed to divide the palm of distinction between them.

2630. Are there any Wells in the Continent which Draw their Water from England?

Yes. It has been shown by borings, which were instituted for the purpose of finding the best route for the Channel tunnel, that the strata underlying the Channel consist first of a layer of chalk-marl, impervious to water, then one of greensand, porous and capable of saturation, and then an underlying layer of impervious clay. These strata afford the conditions favourable to the formation of large subterranean reservoirs of water stored under considerable pressure. The under stratum of clay runs from Kent and Sussex beneath the Channel to Calais, and it was the knowledge of this formation which led the French engineers to bore their artesian wells near Calais. There can be hardly any doubt that the water which rises in these wells was originally rain falling on the hills of the South of England.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2651. What reason is there to believe that the East Indian Islands were once a part of Africa?
2652. What would have been the probable course of our history had Britain remained a peninsula as it once was?
2653. In which type of animals does the maternal instinct first appear?
2654. Which popular dance has most affected the course of politics?
2655. Has a domestic servant ever succeeded to a throne?
2656. Has a battle ever been fought by ecclesiastics?
2657. Does a train exert the greater strain on a iron bridge when it is going fast, or when it is going slowly?
2658. Which is the smallest independent state in the world?
2659. Which is the most curious means of defence employed by one animal against another?
2660. Which war has most promoted trade?

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MY SWEETHEART.

She's a pretty puss in boots,
With a saucy name that suits
Every glance.
Is it whispered, is it sung,
Still it ripples on the tongue
In a dance.

Oh, she walks so pit-a-pat,
And she talks of this and that
Such a way!
Just to watch her witching blush
Even Socrates would hush
Half a day.

She is not an angel—not
They are out o' place below,
Let us grieve.
Yet perchance there is a wing
Hid beneath that puffy thing
Styled a sleeve.

Like a wild rose, newly born,
Bursting into bloom at morn,
Dew a-gleam.
So entrancing is her smile,
Lo, it haunts me all the while
In a dream.

A SMART TOAD.

PROFESSOR BOTKINE tells of a remarkable instance of intelligence exhibited by a garden toad. He was watching the efforts of his pet toad to capture a very large worm. The toad had been sitting still, and giving no sign that it saw anything. The worm gave a little wriggle as it began to come out of the ground, when, quick as a flash, the toad made a leap and seized the end of the worm in its mouth.

Then began a tug-of-war. Every time that the toad gave a pull the worm drew back. But the toad was not to be discouraged. It jerked and jerked until it fairly stood on its hind legs. Still it could not dislodge the worm.

He glanced down again, and saw the toad twisting its legs about until the worm was wrapped twice round it, then the toad gave a hop and out came the worm.

NEW FACTS ABOUT OLD CLOTHES.

THE great bulk of our cast-off clothes of all kinds find their way to two markets—Ireland and Holland. The old clothes' bags of the collectors may, in fact, be said to be emptied out in the land of Erin, as far as the ordinary order of clothes go, while to Holland only special articles of apparel are exported.

Singularly enough, the destination of the red tunics of the whole British infantry is the chest of the sturdy Dutchman. There seems to be some popular belief or superstition in that water-logged country that red cloth affords the best protection against rheumatism. The sleeves are cut off, and they are made to button in a double-breasted fashion. Thus remodelled, they are worn next the skin like a flannel waistcoat by all careful Dutchmen among the labouring classes.

The Irish chiefly favour corduroys, and we suspect the worn-out legs of British pantaloons of this material are cut and converted into breeches for Pat. Where he gets those wonderful swallow-tailed coats with brass buttons is a puzzle to all the dealers; it is very certain they do not come from this side of the channel, and it is equally clear they are remnants of costumes two or more generations old.

A MENAGERIE OF AUTHORS.

A PARISIAN literary man has been complaining that authors are not represented at international exhibitions in the same sense as are painters and sculptors. The complaint has evoked sarcastic comment from M. Maurice Goncourt, who suggests that, since an exhibition of their works would not be sufficiently striking, the authors themselves should be put on show in cages! He says:

"All the writers who are at present the contestable masters of romance and journalism will transport, during the period of the exposition, their working-rooms to a section specially provided for them.

"The public will see them there as they really are at home, surrounded with their furniture, their books, all their accessories, and in working costume.

"From such an hour to such an hour—as at home—they will work on their articles, or novels.

"That would draw a crowd; that would be truly interesting!

"They could be looked at through a sheet of glass or a lattice—silently, so as not to interfere with their inspiration.

"The administration could even put up signs like this:

'PLEASE THROW NOTHING TO THE POETS.'

or, more particularly for the pretty visitors:

'DON'T EXCITE THE PSYCHOLOGISTS.'

FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

A LAWYER in Australia was defending a young man whose past record was a bad one. Ignoring the record, however, the lawyer proceeded to draw a harrowing picture of two grey-haired parents in England looking anxiously for the return of the Prodigal son to spend the next Christmas with them, and he asked: "Had they the heart to deprive the old couple of this happiness?"

The jury, however, found the prisoner guilty. Before passing sentence, the judge called for the prisoner's gaol record, after which he blandly remarked that "the prisoner had some five previous convictions against him, but he was glad to say that the learned counsel's eloquent appeal would not remain unanswered, for he would commit the prisoner to Maitland Gaol, where his aged parents at the present moment were serving sentences respectively, so that father, mother, and son would be able to spend the ensuing Christmas season under one roof."

THE POPE'S MORNING WALK.

THE Pope, or as all good Catholics in Rome call him, "the Holy Father," chooses to consider himself a prisoner; and to all intents and purposes he is a voluntary prisoner in the largest palace in the world.

In the later years of Pope Pius IX. it is said that no fewer than 2,348 persons resided in the Vatican in different capacities. Probably not a third of that number lives there under the present Pope, while his own apartment is small and simple in the extreme—three rooms merely, and furnished most plainly.

When Victor Emmanuel entered Rome by the Porta Pia and took possession of the city in the name of the Italian Government, the Pope had no choice but to remain a voluntary prisoner in the Vatican, or, by his appearance outside the palace and in the streets, seemingly sanction or countenance the right of the Government to temporal power.

This he has never done by word or act—hence his eighteen or twenty years of seclusion.

"The people of Rome were invited to choose whether they would be ruled by the Pope or by the King," and they chose the King. Thereupon the Government guaranteed the Pope, as the head of a great spiritual power, an income of something like £150,000 and the palace of the Vatican, with its priceless treasures of art, as his residence.

The Pope cannot touch this sum of money without compromising his dignity and what he considers his rights, and doubtless he would also refuse to inhabit the Vatican palace were it not for the fact that for hundreds of years it had been the dwelling place of the Popes, and belonged to them rather than to the king or to the people.

Although the grounds connected with the Vatican are not large, still they afford a very respectable breathing place for the one infallible man in the universe. Here the sovereign pontiff goes forth—when the weather and his health permit—for his daily walks and drives. Generally no profane eye of a stranger within the gates is supposed to behold the miniature pageant. But one day, just before the great celebration of his jubilee, I chanced to catch a glimpse of His Holiness just as he was about to take his constitutional.

First came the Pope, walking with a quick, energetic step, accompanied by a priest on his left, and a tall soldier from his body guard on his right. His Holiness wore a white woollen gown, hanging in soft folds to his feet, and a wide-brimmed red hat.

Behind them followed two priests, and a valet with a scarlet cloak over his arm. Then came a closed carriage, with coachman and footmen in livery, and they were followed by a mounted guard of two. Several of the celebrated Swiss guards, in their butterfly uniform of black, yellow, and red—said to have been designed by Michael Angelo—sauntered out into the broad drive, and watched the little cortege.

The Pope walked briskly for a man of his age. He naturally looks small and fragile by the side of the men who compose his guard—men six feet and over.

He has been constantly in Rome and in his palace and gardens now for eighteen years, with no change and no recreation except that which a change of work brings him. He belongs to a long-lived family, one brother having died at eighty-four, and another at ninety-one. He has been compared to Mr. Gladstone in his ability to do a vast amount of work, and to find rest merely by change of action.

CLERK: "That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair-dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day."

Chemist: "Was he after another bottle?"

Clerk: "No, sir. He wanted to know if we kept wigs."

COLLECTOR: "This is the last time I shall ask for the amount of this bill."

Delinquent: "Yes?"

Collector: "Yes. The next time I shall stand out in the street and yell for it."

ON THE WRONG FOOT.

THE conductor said there was room for a few more inside.

At the Elephant and Castle, when the tram turned west, the customary contingent of shoppers got in, and there was an uncomfortable jam.

But the little man kept his eyes on his paper. He also kept his seat.

"Pardon me, madam," said a polite man hanging on to a strap, to a lady standing beside him with an armful of paper parcels, "you are standing on my foot."

"I'm so sorry," said she. "I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."

And then the little man's eyes were lifted from his paper, and she got the seat.

THE ROLLING OF THUNDER.

THE prolonged roll of thunder is readily explained by comparison with a volley fired along a line of troops. Suppose troops to be drawn up on a plain in such numbers as to extend for a mile, and ordered by a signal that all could see to fire at once.

One standing at the end of the line would hear the report of the musket nearest him instantaneously. He would hear the others successively. Thus a report 550 feet away would come to him in half a second; one 1,100 feet away would come in one second, and he would not hear the last report for five or six seconds after the gun had been fired.

This would produce a sort of roll, which would gradually increase in intensity. If the listener stood exactly midway between the two ends of the line, the reports from both ends would reach him at once, and the sound would be but half as long in reaching him as if he stood at one extremity.

If the soldiers formed a circle there would be one sharp explosion. Flashes of lightning may be considered as representing three lines of troops along which the explosions occur at the same time. Consider the variety of distance and position of the listener, and we account for the variety of sound in thunder. In mountainous regions the rolling is augmented by reverberations or echoes.

HOW TO BE CLEVER WITH BOTTLES.

DURING the season of out-of-door enjoyments and open-air lunches, one of the things that will often bother a party will arise from the neglect to provide the lunch outfit with a corkscrew. Of course, if the drinkables happen to be in patent stoppered bottles a corkscrew will not be necessary; but suppose the beer is in corked bottles or that it is ale—how shall it be opened?

There is a trick of taking off the heads of bottles that is worth knowing. You are pretty sure to have at hand a table-knife, or a good-sized pocket-knife.

Grasp the beer bottle in the left hand and the knife in the right hand. Lay the bottle on your knee and draw the knife vigorously across the neck of the bottle just behind the rim that incloses the cork, as if you were going to saw the head off. You will not, of course, be able to cut the head off the bottle, but if you bear on pretty hard and turn the bottle round gradually until every part of the neck has been under the knife's edge, you will scratch the enamel of the glass all round. This is the purpose of the sawing.

When this is accomplished, lay the knife blade flatwise on the bottle, and with the back of the blade strike the bottle rim two or three sharp blows lengthwise of the bottle as if you would knock the head off. Presently you will hear it break under the blows, and it will break just in the line of the scratches on the enamel.

The cork in an ale bottle extends below the break and holds the head on. Put a napkin over the head and draw the cork. Head and all will come off as clean as a whistle. You need fear no chips of broken glass if the sawing has been well done. The old bottle man will not thank you for the trick, but you will not need to worry about a corkscrew when you have acquired it.

Another little bit of manipulation is good to know. Corks in all bottles are often bad, and in drawing them they will crumble. If the ale is poured directly under these circumstances, bits of cork will appear in some of the glasses. These bits of cork are easily got rid of. Hold the bottle upright and tap its side sharply. All the bits of cork will rise into the neck of the bottle, and presently the ale will begin to send out a head of foam. On the top of this the cork crumbles will rise. Blow off the head of the foam, and all the bits of cork will be gone. Then you can decant the ale and have it clear and ready to drink.



NEW AND STRANGE.

LIEUTENANT BERNIER, of the French Navy, has invented a compass which does away with the man at the wheel, the compass steering the vessel itself.

A STUDY of the subject has disclosed the fact that rats and mice, when imprisoned in a revolving cage, prefer to work for twelve hours by night and rest for twelve hours by day. They do most work when the barometer is high.

RECENT research has shown that if certain acids are added to fresh cream it can be churned at once without waiting for the fermentation or souring produced by the lactic acid bacteria. Hydrochloric acid diluted with twice its bulk of water, and added in small quantities to the cream, gives the best results.

OIL is no longer to be poured on troubled water. It is to be fired like the shell from a gun. As a wave approaches, a bomb filled with oil is to be precipitated in its direction. The bladder will be perforated with small holes, so that the oil will run out slowly and continue its work for a greater length of time than would otherwise be the case.

THE new line to the summit of Snowdon will be rather under five miles in length. One in five and a half will be the steepest gradient. The rack system is to be employed. The locomotives, which, by the way, are to be manufactured in Switzerland, will be driven by two double pinions, four of which will be in gear with the rack at the same time. The carriages are to be built in England.

THE chain gear on safety bicycles is to be supplanted henceforth by a metal ribbon made from a steel analogous to that used in piano wire. Orifices are cut at regular intervals in the ribbon which engage the sprocket wheel. The idea of a ribbon gear is, of course, ancient enough, but no practical solution of the difficulties attending its use has hitherto been devised. The ordinary chain has many disadvantages. It is heavy, difficult to clean, and by no means easy to lubricate.

Mr attention has been drawn to a valuable invention by Mr. Richard Simon, of Nottingham, the English agent for Messrs. Otto and Grossman's Patent Automatic Steam Stop Valve. In the event of a steam pipe bursting this valve closes automatically, preventing an escape of the vapour, often the cause of explosions and great loss of life. It may also be applied to cut off steam if a governor fails to act, or, on board ship, if the screw races. It has, I am informed, been adopted by the German Navy—a fact which would seem to guarantee its efficiency.

A TEST was made recently of the electric railway signal of the Universal Electric Railway Signal Company, of Richmond, U.S.A. The apparatus consists of an electric circuit formed by a single iron rod, which is laid between the tracks, and a wire brush attached to each engine in connection with an electric gong and telephone. Two engines approaching each other on the same track come into circuit at the distance of one mile and a half or more, according to the strength of the battery, and at once the telephone bells ring. This is a signal for the train to stop, and the engineers may talk with each other on the telephone to discover the trouble.

THE liability of the ordinary gas tap to become turned on accidentally by a sort of irresponsible automatism is to be put an end to by Mr. F. G. Fender, who sets forth the merits of his patent self-locking gas tap on a circular, the greater part of which is devoted to a gruesome selection of cuttings from various papers giving the details of numerous gas explosions, for which there will no longer remain any excuse. In London the number of fires caused through the explosions of gas is over 200 a year, and a greater number of people are injured through this cause than any other, with the exception of oil lamps. The particular feature of Mr. Fender's safety taps is that they cannot be turned on without in the first place deliberately raising a lever. The price, I am told, is 2s. each, and they may be obtained from the Metropolitan Engineering Works, London, S.E.

THAT pneumatic tyres should everlastingly be allowed to puncture was, of course, out of the question. How it was to be prevented, however, no one exactly knew. In fact, it is only within the last few weeks that the problem has been solved, or, rather, that the solution, after a severe test of its efficiency, has been placed before the public. The patent "Self-Sealing Air-Chamber" is not an addition to the tyre, but takes the place of the ordinary air-chamber itself. It can be applied to any pneumatic detachable tyre, either old or new, and is so constructed that if pierced with knives, nails, pins, tacks, or any similar article, immediately upon the withdrawal of the puncturing agent, the chamber seals itself without the slightest escape of air. This is due to the action of the rubber itself, which is compressed to such a pitch that the severed parts cling together so closely that even the pressure of the air inside cannot force them apart again or find the smallest passage for leakage. The invention may be obtained from the Patent Self-Sealing Air-Chamber Syndicate, 71, Temple Row, Birmingham.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope PATENT. The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.

THE German Empress is a good public speaker. KAISER WILLIAM sits for his photograph about once a week.

ONE half the week Sir Isaac Holden is a vegetarian. The other half he is carnivorous.

THE Sultan's mother, who "runs" the harem, is alone allowed to go about unveiled.

WHEN in the best of health Lord Rosebery seldom sleeps more than five hours out of the twenty-four.

MR. BALFOUR is very nervous when he dines out, and on similar occasions Lord Salisbury is absent-minded.

THE Queen once wrote some verses which were forwarded to a publisher under a *nom de plume*, and were promptly returned "with thanks."

THERE are two cases in the British peerage of twin sons inheriting the heirship. In such cases the younger twin is heir presumptive to the title.

THE Pope, although several photographs of him have been taken, has only once honoured an artist with a sitting. This was the Frenchman, M. Chatran. All other portraits of His Holiness, and more than one has been painted, are based upon sketches from memory.

PERHAPS the finest stables in Italy are the Royal Mews. King Humbert owns nearly two hundred horses, and the greater number of them are English bred. The double row of stalls forms a regular street, and each animal has its name printed in large white letters above the manger.

IN the foremost rank of Colonial Premiers is Mr. Reid, of New South Wales. To look a greater fool than he is seems to be one of his dearest wishes, and he enjoys the reputation of being the best *ideal* of a "Piccadilly Johnnie." He is fond of theatre-going, and his eyeglass and generally foppish exterior enable the audience to distinguish him at once.

AN American photographer paid Mrs. Langtry £200 for the privilege of taking her portrait. Madame Patti received £200. A singular fact has been noticed by this gentleman, who declares that while in Europe the death of a celebrated person will mean an increased demand for their photographs, exactly the opposite occurs in America. The greatest favourite with the public on both sides of the Atlantic is Miss Mary Anderson "that was."

THE Sultan of Turkey has a special weakness for "rahat," or Turkish delight, as it is called in England. The most expert manufacturer in all the country is specially retained in the palace to prepare the luxury, of which enormous quantities are consumed by the ladies of the harem. The various flavours given to this preparation are obtained from the juice of pressed flowers, such as roses, violets, and orange blossom, and a special hand-press is employed for the purpose.

HERM KRAFFT, the famous cannon maker of Germany, and proprietor of the Essen foundries, has always been regarded as the man who paid the most taxes of any man in the world. His taxes amount every year to £250,000. But, according to an American paper, Mr. Marinisco-Bragadir, the most important manufacturer of alcohol in Roumania, who has recently established also a brewery at Bucharest, paid in 1894 £110,000 in taxes to the Government. This represents an immense fortune, which had a very modest origin, since Mr. Marinisco-Bragadir was an apprentice to a pastrycook only twenty years ago.

TWO servants are specially appointed to attend to the German Emperor's wardrobe. So far from finding themselves in possession of a sinecure, these two individuals are fully employed in keeping the uniforms and other clothes in order, and in replenishing the underwear, ties, handkerchiefs, and so on, as occasion arises. As a rule the suits under their charge exceed one thousand in number, and a whole room has been converted into a wardrobe. Besides the military costumes of all kinds, there are court dresses, civilian dresses, bathing, riding, driving, hunting, sleighing, and skating costumes. All of these require constant attention. It is, moreover, the duty of the Kaiser's valets to see that there are always twelve dozen of every item of underclothing in stock, and fifty dozen handkerchiefs. All, or the greater part, of the underwear is made of finest silk, and is marked with the Emperor's coat of arms and his initials.

GEORGE, son of Jay Gould, has much of the business capacity which was so conspicuous in his parent. He is a hard, level-headed man, but with this and in spite of it there is a romantic side to his character, and there is something of a sensational sentiment in the story of his marriage. Miss Edith Kingdon was an actress, engaged in one of Mr. Daly's companies, although not assuming a very important rôle. She succeeded, however, in attracting attention, and winning special applause from the public. One evening repeated calls were made for the new favourite. Mr. Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Behan appeared in response, but the audience were not satisfied. Finally, Mr. Daly sent to Miss Kingdon's dressing-room and asked her to appear. "I must decline the honour," she said, "because I am changing my dress." However, the cries in the theatre grew louder and louder, and finally Mr. Daly insisted on her coming to the footlights. Throwing a shawl round her the young actress ran on the stage, put her head between the drawn velvet curtains and nodded her thanks amidst a perfect storm of applause. The Goulds, father and son, were occupying a box, and witnessed the scene. It was the first act in a pretty little drama of real life. The second act was when George Gould made Miss Edith Kingdon his wife.

CYCLING NOTES.

CYCLISTS' camps, as they have been known in England, do not appear to be wonderfully popular. The camp at Scarborough this year was rather a failure, which, however, might fairly be attributed to the weather, while the Southern and Eastern Counties camps were abandoned. The most successful camps are held in Ireland, under the management of Mr. E. J. Mccredy, but the idea is really to have a camping out tour, and not a useless display of extravagance. If cyclists' camps in England are to be kept up, they must be arranged so as to provide more variety at much less expense.

WOOD rims—another device in which American cyclists thoroughly believe—have had a fair trial in England this season, having been extensively employed both for racing and for ordinary work. Although, in many instances, they have given the utmost satisfaction, in very many cases, the reports have been most unfavourable. They would appear to have failed more particularly in races when, perhaps, an extra strain was put on them. Be that as it may, opinion is very divided about their merits, and in all likelihood the steel rim will retain its place in our affections. The view of those who held that our climate would be found unsuitable for wood used in such a manner has been pretty well borne out.

THERE seems to have been this year something of a reaction against the absurd "scorching" attitude which has been so much condemned both from the medical and the aesthetic point of view. Reform in such a matter is not easy, for makers of bicycles are inclined to be somewhat conservative in their views, and having learned the trick of building machines with low handles they don't like to unlearn it. Such improvement as has taken place is probably due in no small degree to "Society" patrons of the pastime, who, under the impression that they were human beings, could not prevail on themselves to assume the peculiarities of the performing elephant in the circus.

THE "scorching" attitude is necessary on the race path, and is as absurd under ordinary circumstances as would be the style of a jockey in a stout gentleman on his hack in the Park. But it is to be hoped that we are not going from one extreme to the other. One of the best magazines recently published an article on cycling, in which what was called the "correct" position was depicted. The experienced cyclist saw at a glance that it was far from correct, and, if anything, more uncomfortable than the scorching position against which it was intended as a protest. In this, as in other matters, moderation—with an allowance for personal fancy—is the thing to be aimed at. If we don't want to be doubled in two, neither should we desire to be as rigid as a guardman on sentry-go.

FEW men have done more for the sport and the trade than Mr. Harry Hewitt Griffin, who is as much at home with the industrial and mechanical sides of cycling as he is with the sporting. Indeed he is a kind of admirable Crichton in an athletic sense, for there is scarcely a branch of athletic sport in which he has not distinguished himself during the last twenty years. Mr. Griffin has probably written more cycling copy than any man in Europe. He was the first to think of educating the public in such matters, and his criticisms were always peculiarly useful, owing to the regard in which he was held for his sturdy independence. When Griffin said that a thing was wrong, he said so in the most uncompromising way, and people learnt to place implicit confidence in him. WHEELING has started a testimonial in his honour, which already proves by its proportions how highly the cyclists of the country think of Mr. Griffin.

TOURISTS who postponed their holiday to the latter end of July and August have had a very poor time of it this year. Rain has been the order of the day all over the British Isles and in many parts of the Continent, and it has been generally associated with thunderstorms. Several parties of Americans who landed at Queenstown, and rode through Ireland and England en route to the Continent, have been loud in their complaints of our climate. Certainly they were most unlucky in their weather arrangements, and they suffered the more because of their light machines, and the absence of mud guards and gear cases. In such weather as we have been having, every touring cyclist should carry a waterproof cape, which should be wide enough to lie well over the handles so as to protect the knees. Waterproof leggings, or gaiters, should also be carried, as, owing to the nearness to the ground of the pedals of the safety, the feet suffer terribly in bad weather. It is essential that waterproofs be of some porous material.

(Cricket Notes next week.)

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 8.4 p.m. on Saturday, August 24th, and 7.48 p.m. on August 31st. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE
FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notices of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature _____
Available until midnight, August 31st, 1895.

If you've not noticed that par. about your worthy self in the middle column of this page it's either because you've overlooked it or that it hasn't yet appeared—most likely the latter.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

No. 11.

Our readers will forgive us for recurring just once more to the subject of those celebrated "Principality of Trinidad" stamps. It was the "Stamp Album" which first announced and illustrated the issue, and exposed its fraudulent character. The agent in the City who introduced them for sale into England, and who, it may be said in passing, doubtless did so in entire good faith, wrote numerous letters to the "Stamp Album" threatening libel action. The Chancellor of the "Principality" also wrote at length, affirming that the issue was a perfectly genuine one. The words of this official, written on official paper, bearing the crest of the "Principality," are before us: *Les timbres-poste de n'ont pas été créés pour satisfaire la curiosité des collectionneurs, mais bien pour l'usage où leurs similaires sont ordinairement employés.* [The postage stamps are not made for collectors, but honestly for the uses for which such things are elsewhere issued.] All this neither frightened nor convinced us, and we did not cease to insist that the whole affair was a fraud.

Now, what has happened? The British Government, desiring a landing-place in the South Atlantic for its new Southern cable lines, has occupied the island of Trinidad, and formally declared it to be a British possession. Our readers will have noticed in the newspapers that Brazil objects to this, and that negotiations are going on between the two countries. What the result of these may be is not of importance to us. The real point of interest is that the British naval officer who seized the island reports to the Admiralty that it is a wholly uninhabited reef, almost entirely devoid of vegetation, and without anchorage or harbour. The sailors had the greatest difficulty in effecting a landing, and had to climb like monkeys up the face of a steep cliff to find a place to hoist the British flag upon. There was nothing alive on the whole island but foul, yellow land-crabs crawling on the beach.

So here the swindle is at last entirely naked to view. We who fought the thing from its birth, and prevented these worthless, and worse than worthless, stamps being unloaded upon the British collector, have a right to congratulate ourselves upon the result. We congratulate our readers, too, on the fact that it will not be necessary for them to hear any more about Trinidad in any shape or form.

Peru has long been a source of disquiet to the philatelist. In the current Scott Catalogue no less than 834 varieties of Peruvian stamps—regular, surcharged, unpaid letter, official, envelopes, cards, and provincial issues are enumerated. There come now a set of five new surcharges—the 5c., 10c., 20c., 50c., and 1 sol—all surcharged in vermilion, with a double circle, inclosing the words, "Provisorio Centavos," with a new figure of value in the centre. It is explained that these are the outcome of a recent revolution in the province of Piura, and no doubt this is so, but the promptitude with which unused specimens have found their way to Europe suggests a commercial basis for their production as well. The enormous volume of Peruvian surcharges which already exist, as a legacy from the Ohilian war, is entirely in the hands of the trade, and to this has been added recently a fresh lot bearing the Presidential effigy. The relations of all these to the actual postal service of Peru have never been very intimate. We question now whether unused specimens of the whole lot ought not to be put under the ban of speculative issues. And we would by no means except these latest provisionals from the boycott.

It is interesting to discover Peru returning, at the same time, to the use of the prettiest stamp she ever issued, the design of which was first employed nearly thirty years ago. The old 5 centavos of the issue of 1866 has just been revived, only that the colour, which formerly was green, is now a bright rose. If Peru would stick to her legitimate llamas, and leave surcharges alone for a while, it would be a boon to the owners of stamp albums, and to dealers as well. We have in mind a well-known firm of London merchants who have suffered almost to the point of extinction by heavy investments in Peruvian surcharged stuff, which no one will buy.

The current LONDON PHILATELIST, which speaks with unique authority on these matters, announces that official changes are impending in the system of distributing British Colonial stamps. The understanding is that the whole business is to be taken over by the Imperial Government, and that these colonial stamps will all be on sale in England. This would involve a central supervision of issues, which would do away with provisional surcharges, alterations of water marks, etc. The change, it may be added, is spoken of as affecting only Crown Colonies, but in the interests of collectors it would be well if it could be extended to include the self-governing dependencies as well.

Of these latter, Canada is practically the only one which has not lapsed into the most depressing clumsiness and vulgarity of postal designs. Latterly we have had occasion to deplore the freak by which the beautiful profile of the Queen in youth, of which Canada has a monopoly, has been reversed, and botched in engraving as well, on the new 8 cent grey. But with this exception the Dominion keeps up its high standard of philatelic art. Our readers will agree that the new design



of a Canadian envelope stamp which we produce shows no falling off in artistic merit.

Recent mention was made of India in this same connection, and we gave an illustration of the new envelope design there to show what melancholy results the draughtsman and engraver could combine to produce when they were left to their own devices in far-off parts of the Empire. Our clever contemporary, the PHILATELIC WORLD, published at Calcutta, devotes in its last issue considerable space to lamentation over this particular stamp, and over the report that the new set of Indian adhesives now in preparation are to bear the same unlovely effigy of the Queen in widow's dress, or as the JOURNAL follows Kipling in putting it, "with a serviette a-angling down 'er back." "Nothing is more deplorable," it goes on, "than the falling away in the character of the stamps of the British and (in a lesser degree) of the Indian Empires. The trivial follows the paltry, and there is no sign of any improvement. We know of nothing that would so worthily celebrate the sixtieth year of Her Majesty's unexampled reign, two years hence, as the adaptation of Wyon's grand design on the 12½ cents black Nova Scotia, to complete sets of the Indian and British issues. Our fellow native subjects might just as well be provided with an exalting pictorial symbol as an insipid and misleading one, of 'the White Queen over t'e seas.'"

That there is a valid political and imperial point in this plea must be apparent to everyone. Is it too much to hope that some time the masters of the vast British Empire will listen to it, and allow the artists of Great Britain to import some dignity and grace into the pictorial branch of the Post Office?

The Italian Government, while clinging to the earliest portrait of King Humbert, is gradually altering the outer design of its stamps. The latest change is in the 20-centesimi value, which since June has taken on the new form which we illustrate herewith. The old issue of 1879, following the Victor Emmanuel precedent, foolishly confined its statement of value to words; the new stamps, as they come out one by one, give it in bold figures as well.

T. C. C., of Clifton, writes that some Denmark locals have been offered to him, but they look so very clean and white that he suspects they are forgeries. It would hardly be worth while to forge things which of themselves have no value whatever. The locals of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway have no earthly business in any collection. They are frankly made to sell to ignorant amateurs. Up at Tromsø, on the Norwegian coast, tourists are literally overrun by boys pestering them to buy the "reindeer" stamps of the town, and it is said that the municipality makes a handsome profit from the traffic. Other tourists tell the same tale of Stockholm, and other Scandinavian stamp-issuing towns. Continental catalogues long ago dropped them, but for some reason they continued until very recently to be quoted in some of the best English lists. We hope that the present year will see the last of them in any reputable catalogue, the world over.

("Science for the Unscientific" next week.)

"I HAVE carried this joke a little too far," remarked the humourist, as he found that he had walked a hundred yards beyond the door of P. W.

"Is he a good doctor?" asked one gentleman of another, speaking of an acquaintance.

"Well, people call him so," replied the other; "but as far as my experience goes, if I was a patriotic man, and there was going to be a long war, I should like him to have charge of the enemy's wounded."

ETHEL: "So Arthur proposed last night?"

Maud: "Yes."

Ethel: "And did you accept him?"

Maud: "I was so awfully excited I don't know whether I accepted him or not. If he comes to-night I did, and if he doesn't I didn't."

MAY: "It is strange you have never learned to waltz. Have you tried?"

Jack: "Oh, yes; but I could never get past the first stage."

May: "The first stage? What is that?"

Jack: "To put my arms round the girl's waist."

May (coolly): "I think I could teach you."

THE THEATRE FIRE.

ONE night, at one of the theatres, some odds and ends of scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odour of burning alarmed the spectators.

A panic seemed to be imminent, when Mr. Arthur Roberts appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger—I give you my word of honour there is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessities of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?" The panic collapsed.

A CISTERN OF DEATH.

MANUFACTURERS of dynamite must feel the insecurity of life even more keenly than other men. They absolutely court death. The factory usually consists of a large number of houses, widely separated from each other, and of a number of small huts away in the distance, half-buried in the ground, and used for the purpose of storing the nitro-glycerine, the essential principle of dynamite.

Each process in the scheme of manufacture has a house for itself, and each has a chief skilled in proportion to the danger which is encountered.

Let us enter the great house wherein the first process is going on. Here we find a workman standing before a tank in which are many tons of nitro-glycerine in the actual process of manufacture. The great tank is full of glycerine, while the acids are dripping slowly into it from a pipe above. The mixture of pure glycerine, nitric acid, and oil of vitriol produces nitro-glycerine, the most deadly explosive in the world, so deadly that an ounce of it compressed would blow you into atoms, and so liable to explode that the least detonation or jar would instantly fire it.

It is positively the most awful stuff to deal with that man has ever discovered. No one really seems to know when it is going off; sometimes it will stand a good shake, at others, the veriest jostle will produce a disaster. And there in the tank before which I stood was enough of the fearful compound to destroy a city!

The foreman showed a thermometer dipped into the mixture.

"If the heat of this mass goes up six or seven degrees," he said, "the stuff would explode. I keep my eye constantly on that glass, and if a fast rise in temperature took place I should open the tap at the bottom of the tank and let the nitro-glycerine through an aqueduct to a point. If I were in time enough, well and good, but if not—ah!"

I echoed his exclamation, and suggested that a walk to the other sheds would be a change. On the way to them I asked my guide if there had ever been a case where that shed had been blown up, and he said "once," but he told me that the mass is often run off from the tank, and nearly always without trouble, as the record proves.

With all this I can imagine no more dreadful life than that of the man who stands daily before the cistern of death, and has but a few degrees of temperature between himself and utter annihilation.

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(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of Claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET.
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(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Clauses No. 3 and 5.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Signature _____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, August 23rd, 1895, until Midnight Saturday, August 31st, 1895. (See column 3, page 121.)

We don't know much about foreign stamps ourselves, but we do know that our stamp of man sticks to P.W., and is well posted on most things.

Now First Published

Guilty Gold.

A ROMANCE OF FINANCIAL FRAUD AND CITY CRIME.

BY HEADON HILL.

Author of "Clues from a Detective's Camera," "Cabinet Secret," "The Rajah's Second Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. I. P.

SUMMARY.

Guy Elwes, the son of a poor clergyman, and Lucy Lethbridge, governess to the children of Mr. Tiffney, M.P., are engaged. Guy has been sent to South Africa to try and make a living there, but after buying a piece of land for agricultural purposes, he finds he has no capital to work it with, and returns home. Horace Vardon, a swindling company promoter, who is attracted by Lucy, and one Eppstein, a bookshop keeper, buy the property from Guy, and by a little clever manipulation get him to sign a document, which certifies that there is a true treasure-vein of gold upon it. (There is none in reality.) They then float the Golden Kloof Mining Company. Vardon recommends it as a splendid investment and Sydney Englewood as a suitable person through whom to purchase shares. Little thinking that his old farm is the Golden Kloof Mine, or that Sidney Englewood is really Gus Eppstein, Guy invests his money, the hard-earned savings of his father, and a legacy of £1,000 just left to Mrs. Lethbridge, in the company. When it is too late, Guy realises how cleverly he has been duped. He interviews Vardon, who wants him to proceed at once to South Africa.

CHAPTER V.—(continued).

GUY was too unstrung by the events of the morning to gauge the position promptly in all its bearings. The threat that a bold course would have the effect of impoverishing those he loved caused a fatal hesitation, and Vardon, eyeing him closely, began to think that he had won. What was uppermost in Guy's mind was an intense craving for time, so that he could obtain the advice of someone who could tell him truly what would be the consequences of either course. He felt like a ship-captain who knows the port he should steer for, and sees the harbour lights, but is separated from them by a hundred shoals and quicksands, through which a skilled pilot alone could guide him.

To gain this advice and assistance he was sorely tempted to sacrifice his principles so far as to dissemble. It would be no great crime, he argued, to deceive this arch deceiver, if by so doing he could nip the fraud in the bud.

"Never mind your policeman," he muttered sullenly. "If I consider your proposal, when would you want me to start?"

"There, that's more sensible talk," said Vardon, dropping the speaking tube. "Why, you would not have to go for a week or two yet—till after the Statutory Meeting of the shareholders. I may require your presence there to pitch them a yarn about the gold and so forth. But I see your point—you want a little more time with your friends, and you may make your mind easy on that score."

Guy was in no mood to face his father and May, Mrs. Lethbridge and Lucy till he could speak of their common peril as one that had been averted; but the excuse for desiring delay would serve, and he tacitly adopted it.

"I shall stay in London for the present," he said; "but naturally I want to see more of my people before I go abroad. I shall be found at Beckwith's Hotel, Essex Street, Strand. I'm about tired of this palaver, and will go and take a room there now, if you have no objection. This sort of thing upsets me; I'm not used to it."

"Go by all means, if you like; I shall not place any restrictions on you now that you see your way to reasonable behaviour," said Vardon, rising and extending a hand which Guy forced himself to take. "You will hear from me before long."

When the door had closed upon his visitor, Vardon threw himself back in his chair and pondered deeply, gnawing his black moustache and twitching his sallow features in a manner that indicated uneasiness. There was something in Guy's sudden change from violence to acquiescent apathy that puzzled him, and he was not quite satisfied.

"If I could have sent him packing out of the country to-day I would have done it," he muttered; "but I could see that that would have been a last straw which he would hardly have stood. It's not my policy to lock him up and have all the fat in the fire till we've skimmed the frying-pan, and that will take the best part of a year. Then, when the crash comes, he must bear the brunt of the blame. If he can only be induced to 'salt' the ground personally that will remove all chance of his being able to repudiate the certificate. The fool grew so deucedly quiet, though, that I am not certain whether he's really cowed or only playing possum. Yes, that will be best."

Turning to the telephone he got himself placed in communication with Mr. Nicholas Nightgall, Private Inquiry Agent, of Basinghall Street.

"There is a young man named Guy Elwes staying at Beckwith's, Norfolk Street, Strand. Send a sharp man to shadow him and report all his movements here twice a day," he said, as soon as he was in rapport with his invisible interlocutor.

CHAPTER VI.

A BROKEN REED.

THE offices of the FINANCIAL LYNX consisted of four rooms on the first floor of a house in St. Radigund's Alley—off Cornhill. One was devoted to the personal use of Mr. Barker Crabbe, the editor-proprietor; two more were apportioned respectively to the publishing and advertisement departments; while the fourth—a mere sky-lighted den with doors opening on to the landing, into the editorial room, and into the publishing office—was occupied by the "literary staff." The last-named apartment served also the purpose of a bolt-hole for Mr. Crabbe when unpleasant visitors were announced; for by means of its many doors he could burrow through it and out on to the landing without being seen by any one who might be standing at the counter of the publishing office.

In one corner of the literary room was a stand-up desk, where the solitary reporter of the paper sometimes attended to write out his shorthand notes of company meetings. On the morning after Guy's latest visit to Vardon the reporter's desk was vacant, and the sole occupant of the room was a man who was engaged in writing hard—apparently against time—at an ink-stained deal table placed against the only bit of wall not filled by doorways. He might have looked thirty had he been washed and combed and straightened up, but as it was, though he fell short by several years of that age, his unkempt hair and beard, stooping shoulders, and expressionless eyes gave him the appearance of at least five and forty. The threadbare suit of tweeds, and thin down-at-heel shoes, formed a *total ensemble* not usually associated with city life. Mr. Crabbe's sub-editor and leader-writer was a weird personage, whom timid people would have shunned in lonely lanes on dark evenings.

Suddenly, after one or two spasmodic efforts, his pen came to a full stop, and he ran his fingers through the tangled locks. "It's no use," he groaned. "I got in a goodish spell that time—seven hundred words at least, that is two hundred over the average—but I've shot my bolt. I must go out and have a drink."

He took down a battered felt hat and was making for the door that gave exit on to the landing when one of the others—that leading from the editorial room—was opened with a jerk, and there entered a stout, vulgarly prosperous-looking individual, clad in a black frock coat, flowered vest, and huge black cravat.

"Here, you Steggle! Where are you off to?" he said. "After another whiskey, I'll bet—about your fourth this morning, eh? Well, I don't mind what you do to yourself so long as you turn out good 'copy' up to time. But you'll have to postpone your next drink till after you've interviewed a chap I've got in there—with a thrust of a much beringed finger towards the editorial room."

"He's stuffed full of facts about the Golden Kloof Company, which, it seems, is even a bigger all-round swindle than we thought it. Just such this fellow's brains for all they're worth, and embody what he tells you in a regular slap-up scorching 'slate.' Expose the whole thing in your most vitriolic style, do you see, Steggle, and let me have the copy not later than four o'clock. I'm off to lunch now, so I'll send him in to you."

Mr. Barker Crabbe swaggered back into the editorial room, slamming the door behind him, and Kaspar Steggle hung up his hat and sat meekly down to his table. Mr. Crabbe's origin was veiled in obscurity, though there were some who professed to have long ago seen him behind the counter of a grocer's shop in Putney. He always admitted freely to his intimates that for an editor he was, as he put it, "a bit rocky on grammar," though he used to add that it didn't matter, because he "was a whale on facts and figures, and kept a good dog to do his barking." About the antecedents of Kaspar Steggle—the present occupant of the kennel—there was no secret at all. By turns scholar of Trinity, schoolmaster, leader-writer on a great "daily," stray contributor to society papers, and Fleet Street loafer, it was easy to trace the sliding scale of alcoholic descent by which he had drifted into the post of underpaid hack to a professional blackmail.

After a brief interval the editorial door opened again, and Guy Elwes stood on the threshold, regarding with obvious dismay the man who was to be the recipient of his confidence. When Crabbe had told him that he would hand him over to his principal leader-writer, he had pictured some grave and reverend pedant whose words were as a law in the world of finance, with an appearance on a par with his status in the councils of the City, and here was a broken-down failure, smelling of public-house poison.

The queer figure rose, Guy took a step forward, and the next moment he had the other's flabby hand clasped in a hearty grip.

"Why it's Steggle!" he cried—"good old Steggle, who used to do my sums for me at Radley. But what on earth—"

"Don't!" interrupted the wreck; "I know what you are going to say. Yes, it's that same Steggle, with a considerable difference, whose little mathematical kindnesses you repaid by saving his life in the weir. If any man ever earned the undying hatred of another you did, Elwes, by that ill-advised feat of yours."

The tone was intended to be jocular, but it only achieved the infinitely sad, and Guy's face assumed an expression of honest pity for his old schoolfellow. "I'm sorry, old chap, whatever it is that has—has aged you so," he said, "but you are young yet, and surely things can't be so very bad. You hold a responsible position on a public journal, you—"

"Responsible position! Public journal!" exclaimed Steggle, his voice quivering. "Good God, Elwes! you must forgive my saying so, but you are as big a fool as you always were. Listen, then, to what I am, and why, for shame has been dead in me this year past. The case is summed up in a sentence. I gained high honours at the University, was appointed to a mastership at a public school, slid from that to journalism—not this sort of thing, but on good papers—lost berth after berth, falling a little with every change, till I joined the loafing brigade. Then this Crabbe, whom I hate and despise, found me in a bar one night with my last shilling gone, and annexed me body and soul as the scurrilous mouthpiece of his blackmailing rag. Drink, from first to last—the cursed stimulant which grabbed me for its slave when I was overworking for my degree. And now my enemy has begun to be my friend,

for I can do no work without it, try as I may. I spouted just now, and put in seven hundred words between drinks; but that's a record nowadays."

"This is bad hearing indeed," said Guy sympathetically; "but why speak in such terms of the FINANCIAL LYNX? I thought it was established for the purpose of warning people against frauds; that, surely, is a reputable cause to serve."

"Poor innocent!" replied Steggle. "Don't you know that we subsist on frauds—not those we cry down with such bell-mouthed vigour, but out of those we never mention. Our victims are only the very small fish who can't afford to pay, or the big ones who don't care. Why, man, the outside circulation of this reputable public journal, as you call it, doesn't touch a thousand copies, and yet Crabbe pays £1,200 a year for a palace at Streatham fit for a duke. The man who looks after his peach-houses gets about twice the screw he pays me."

And this was the champion Guy, in his ignorance, had selected to aid him against Vardon's wiles! "Is there no honesty in this infernal city of yours?" he cried bitterly. "I came here to-day to beg assistance against a swindling trickster, and your master, Crabbe, promised he would see me through. I was to give you the facts for a thorough exposé."

"Well, you'd better let me have them then," said Steggle. "It's the Golden Kloof, isn't it? It's quite on the cards he may show the thing up, not *pro bono publico*, but because he hates Vardon. But he is pretty sure to have another shot for blood-money first. Sit down there and be precise in details, please. I pride myself on accuracy."

So it was that while Guy poured forth for the second time that morning the story of the promotion of the Golden Kloof, Kaspar Steggle made notes in a dirty memorandum-book, showing neither interest or surprise, but carefully ticking off, as he proceeded, the heads of his future article.

"There," he said at the finish; "all that remains is to sling in the usual sultry adjectives and the proper amount of virtuous indignation, and the thing is done. Unfortunately that is a process which requires alcohol. Do you feel inclined to stoke the fires of genius, Elwes?" he added, with a covert sneer at his task.

Guy shrugged his shoulders, and they left the office together; neither of them noticing as they emerged that a diminutive man in black, who had been loitering in the alley, dogged their steps to the bar whither Steggle led the way, and entering close behind them took up an adjacent position at the counter. The public-house was at the corner of St. Radigund's Alley, and over their refreshment Steggle arranged with Guy to meet him there at four o'clock. "It's a hundred to one that as soon as I have finished the article Crabbe will take it round to Vardon and try and induce him to have it hushed up for a thousand or so," he said.

At the sound of Vardon's name the little man in black pricked his ears, but Steggle's voice was thin and the rest of the sentence was lost.

The listener, however, was more fortunate with the reply. The wilds of South Africa are not a good school for modulation of tone, and, moreover, Guy was growing angry.

"If this fellow Crabbe turns to his own ends the information I have given him, and fails to do his duty, I shall feel like murdering him," he said—a remark which was promptly transferred to a rumpled shirt-cuff with a stub of pencil.

Steggles, being anxious to write as much as possible of his article while the inspiration of "his last" was on him, hurried back to the office, and Guy passed the interval in walking the streets of the great city he was beginning to loathe as the scene of some horrid nightmare. And wherever he went the little black shadow with the recording shirt-cuff dodged and squirmed six paces behind.

At the appointed hour he made his way back to the rendezvous, and soon Steggle slouched in, looking hot and excited, and even oblivious of liquor.

"I've written a regular natter," he said, "but it is as I thought; Crabbe is off with the article to Vardon. There, see!" he added, pointing to the window; "he is coming down the Alley," and bringing his tremulous lips close to Guy's ear he added in a hoarse whisper: "Why don't you follow and wring his neck, Elwes? I would if I was as strong and sound as you."

The concentrated fury of hatred with which his old school-fellow spoke was lost upon Guy in the torrent of burning wrath that surged into his own brain. Hardly divining his own intentions he set his mouth firmly and ran out of the bar just as Crabbe's broad back turned the corner into Cornhill. Following some paces behind he kept his quarry well in view across the crowded Mansion House crossing into Queen Victoria

Street, where Crabbe confirmed Steggle's surmise as to his destination by turning into the main entrance of the great block in which Vardon's offices were situated. The editor passed on up the staircase, and Guy, checking a first impulse to follow, took up position at the foot to await his return—heedless of furtive glances from an



insignificant figure in black who hovered about the hall near the porter's box.

A quarter of an hour elapsed before Mr. Barker Crabbe was seen descending the stairs, and to all appearances it had been a bad one for him. He was mopping his clammy brow with a gaudy silk handkerchief, and looking white about the gills—as though he had seen a ghost. There were but few people about, it being near letter closing time, and Guy, without knowing the reason, noted the fact with grim joy. He waited till the editor's foot had cleared the last stair, then stepping quickly forward he laid an iron grip on each of the fat shoulders and pinned his man against the wall.



"You dog! You've sold me," he hissed.

Crabbe had been frightened already, and his nerves, shaken with "high living," were not equal to a second trial so soon. There was a fierce light in Guy's angry eyes that threatened real danger, and the owner of the FINANCIAL LYNX went from white to ashen grey.

"Sold you, Mr. Elwes!" he gasped. "Ah! I see what you mean, you think I have been to Vardon to

be squared. I admit that it looks like it; but my dear sir—loose me a little so that I may explain—you are really quite wrong. That villain has no bitterer enemy than Barker Crabbe, and this is going to be his downfall!"

Something in the despicable creature's tone and expression seemed to imply that the latter half of his sentence at least was true, and Guy relaxed his hold.

"What has been the purport of your visit here, then?" he asked sternly.

"It was like this," said Crabbe plausibly. "I had an article written setting forth the facts you gave me, but not having the pleasure of knowing much of you, I thought it would be safer to see Vardon before printing it, and verify the statement if I could. I was reading portions of it to him when he suddenly seized it out of my hand and locked it up in his desk."

"Well, what is easier than to go back to your office, have another one written, and publish it in to-morrow's paper?" said Guy.

"I can't well do that," replied the champion of the public interests, "because in that case he would take proceedings against me for blackmailing him. He threatened to do so, and he would have a thundering good case, too, with that cursed manuscript in his possession. It is pretty good evidence that I took it to him for the purpose you suspected just now."

"And of which I still suspect you," retorted Guy hotly; "but listen to me," he added, as he saw the coward's face fall. "I have no wish to soil my hands with such vermin as you. As there doesn't seem to be an honest man hereabouts I must make use of a knife. How do you propose to turn this to Vardon's downfall?"

Crabbe had recovered somewhat from this fright, and, with a returning sense of security, began to pay more attention to surroundings. Before venturing on a reply so pregnant with consequences, he cast a furtive glance up and down the hall, and espied the man in black loitering by the door.

"We mustn't talk here," he whispered. "There's one of Nightgall's mouchers on the watch, and I'll stake my sacred oath he's in Vardon's pay. Come back to the LYNX office, and I'll tell you how I mean to start the biggest conflagration of modern times. The fox has had a long run and a merry one, but if I don't smoke him out this journey—well, you can punch me, as you were going to do just now."

CHAPTER VII.

DANGER AHEAD.

FROM the promoter's point of view the Golden Kloof Company had so far been an uninterrupted success. Enough applications had come in from the public to enable the directors to "complete the purchase of the property"—or, in other words, to hand over to Vardon through his dummy nominee, Eppstein, the £40,000 that was payable in cash. The balance of the purchase consideration, which the "vendor" had obligingly consented to take in £50,000 worth of shares, remained to be realised, and then the Official Liquidator could loom upon the horizon as soon as he pleased. The realisation of these shares might take some time, but everything had gone so swimmingly that Vardon and his clique viewed the ultimate result with composure.

In the history of every company, however—before it can be regarded as fairly out of its cradle—there is a crisis to be passed in the statutory meeting, which the law directs shall be held within two months of its formation. It is a purely formal function, at which no business is transacted, but it gives shareholders an opportunity of meeting the directors, and of being informed in general terms as to the prospects of the undertaking. It is, further, the only occasion, till the annual general meeting a year later, at which awkward questions can be asked in the event of anything "fishy" being suspected in the promotion.

Though this meeting must be held within two months, it may be held sooner, and Vardon decided that the Golden Kloof, being a lame dog, had better be helped over the stile at the earliest possible date. Once safely past the statutory meeting, he and his confederates could have a clear year in which they could pull the strings to their liking, and during that period the vendors' shares should have been worked off at high premiums on unsuspecting investors. He therefore caused notices of the meeting to be sent out for a day which was exactly three weeks after the publication of the prospectus. The place selected for the assembly was the Great Hall of the Cannon Street

Hotel, and the time 3 p.m. He never neglected a detail, and he knew that at that hour the shareholders would be fresh from lunch and in good humour. The inspired eloquence of Mr. Tiffany, the chairman, and the sanguine platitudes of Lord Silgo would send the whole flock happy and contented away.

The only newspaper opposition that had threatened the scheme, at the instance of Barker Crabbe, had to all appearances frizzled out completely, and Vardon congratulated himself on the bold course he took in snatching the manuscript of the exposé from the blackmailer's hands. Should Crabbe dare to have the article rewritten the possession of the first copy would be ample evidence to convict the piratical editor of the demand, which, despite his denial to Guy, he had not scrupled to make; but the columns of the FINANCIAL LYNX had contained no reference to the Golden Kloof, nor had Crabbe called again.

Even Guy had apparently accepted the inevitable, for though since the throwing off of the mask, Vardon had only had one interview with him, on which occasion he had been still sullenly acquiescent, Mr. Nicholas Nightgall had kept him thoroughly posted in all the young man's movements, and there was no doubt that he had not been in further communication with Barker Crabbe. Vardon had concealed from Guy his knowledge of the attempt to overthrow his plans, thinking it best to avoid an open breach till after the statutory meeting, when he meant to insist on his victim's going out to the Cape "under threat of instant arrest." In the meanwhile he forbore to send for Guy, contenting himself with being prepared for any fresh attempt at kicking over the traces, and Nightgall's information tended to the belief that all idea of the kind had been abandoned. The day before the meeting the inquiry agent called on his patron in person, and confirmed the daily written reports which had been regularly furnished.

"My chaps have stuck to him like leeches," he said. "Little Binks has had him in hand in the day time, and another of my fellows sleeps in the hotel on the same floor. He spends most of his time mooning about the Embankment or reading in the coffee-room; hasn't called on anyone, and never even goes to a place of amusement. Of course, I don't know your

motives, sir, but I should say that young fellow has done some thing, and is down on his luck, or maybe he's keeping quiet for fear Crabbe should summon him for that assault the other day. You saw from Binks's report that Elwes shoved the editor up against the wall, and shook him like a rat."

"What about his correspondence?"

"I can't tell what he sends away, for he always posts his letters in the pillar-box himself," Nightgall replied; "but I've made it tight with the waiter at the hotel, and I know what he receives. He has had nothing but occasional letters—I could tell you how many by referring to my case-book—in a lady's writing, and bearing the Greenhurst post-mark. That is the place you told me he might be found at in case we lost him, I think."

So it was that on the morning of the eventful day when the statutory meeting was to be held Vardon viewed the situation with the calmly satisfied eye of a commander who has his forces marshalled for certain victory. He went down to his office early so as to be ready for emergencies, and the moment he had entered the waiting-room on his way to his private sanctum he was glad that he had taken the precaution. Early as it was, Eppstein was there before him, with a scared expression on the pasty, cunning face, and a weakness about the knees that told that an emergency had arrived.

"Well, what's wrong?" said Vardon, turning and confronting his lieutenant, as soon as the latter had followed him into the private room.

"There's going to be the Dickens to pay," said Eppstein, glancing nervously at the door. "I've been in a good many tight places under your guidance, and I know you're equal to pretty nearly anything, but I'm blessed if I see how you will get us out of this. And to think that this cursed Elwes, with his innocent mug's chump, has dug a pit big enough to swallow the whole crowd. Why it's—"



"Come, no reflections, please," said Vardon, sharply. "Remember, there's no time to lose. What have you heard?"

"I was at the Onyx Music Hall last night," proceeded Eppstein. "The show is going to be turned into a company, you know, and so I wasn't surprised to hear Crabbe's voice

in the next box to mine. He was evidently there by invitation of the management, to write the place up a bit, and he had brought his ink sling—unwashed sweep called Steggles—to get hints for the 'puff.' At first

Braddon, the manager, was in the box with them, and they talked of nothing but the business in hand, but after a while Braddon went away and Crabbe and Steggles settled down to a good steady soak. Before Braddon left I heard him tell the waiter to let them have whatever they called for, and I guessed pretty well what the end would be. A brace of financial journalists on a free racket don't miss their opportunities. Crabbe had champagne, and Steggles had whiskey, literally in buckets, with the result that our friend the editor let his tongue loose and gave himself away to rights. I couldn't quite make Steggles out; the more he drank the quieter he got, only chucking in a question now and then, and I wasn't sure whether he was pumping his chief or only getting speechless. Anyway that didn't matter, for I got quite enough from Crabbe to send me scotting off to your chambers the moment the performance closed. You were out though, so I—"

"What did Crabbe say?" thundered Vardon.

"He boasted that he was going to wipe the floor with you at the meeting to-day. He is going to get up and expose the whole secret of the promotion from information furnished him by Elwes, and Elwes himself is to be there to corroborate," was the reply.

"You are sure it was not merely the braggadocio of a drunken man?"

"I don't think so," said Eppstein. "He went into details pretty fully—as to the time he was going to rise to speak, and all that sort of thing—and it struck me as having been all thought out and planned with uncommon neatness so as to get a good theatrical effect out of his interference."

Vardon's eyes snapped with a cobra-like glitter. He went close and looked Eppstein through and through. "Tell me of yourself," he said, "and tell me truly without fear of blame. You are sure of all this? You were not on the spree yourself last night and dreamed this story? You see it calls for action which—which I had rather not take if it is unnecessary."

Eppstein knew his leader in many moods, but seldom if ever had he seen him so impressive. The cruelly cynical tone had given place to one approaching solemnity.

"My faculties were in perfect order last night," he replied; "I see it is serious, and I wouldn't say so if I had the slightest suspicion of myself."

"Good!" said Vardon. "One more question, and be equally careful about your reply. Much depends on it. Does any one else know this? Were there people in the box on the other side who could have heard Crabbe's intentions?"

"I have told no one but yourself, and I have made it my business to take stock of the people in the further box," replied Eppstein. "They were a couple of young fellows in the Guards, with two girls from the Lyric, and were far too occupied with their companions to hear what Crabbe was saying, nor would they have understood it if they had heard. Elwes, Crabbe, Steggles, yourself, and I alone know what is intended to be done at the meeting to-day."

"Good again," said Vardon. "Now go, Gus; and hold yourself in readiness at your office in case I want you. And when the door had shut he looked at his watch and added softly to himself:

"Ten o'clock! Just four hours to work it. But it must be done—it is the only way."

(To be continued.)

SMALLWORT: "Well, I have to hunt up another cook. Our latest one left yesterday."

Ford: "Did she basely desert you for gold?"

"No; a copper."

BOUNCE: "What's the matter with your velvet jacket? It's a faded ruin."

Jounce: "Oh, that's my wife's work. She's been saving it from the moths with various chemicals."

"MANAGING EDITOR?"

"I am."

"I presume, then, that on you rests the responsibility for referring to my daughter Pattie as Fattie. Take that!"

CLARA: "While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what was the trump at least six times."

Maudie: "Were you not provoked?"

Clara: "I should say so! As if I knew!"

BRIDEGROOM (about to marry the youngest of three sisters): "My dear friend, I want you to stand immediately behind me during the ceremony, and keep your eyes open. I am very near-sighted, and I am afraid they may substitute the oldest sister at the critical moment."

SHE: "It cannot be. I am not worthy of you."

He: "Nonsense."

"It is true."

"Impossible. You are an angel."

"No, no, you are wrong. I am an idle, silly girl, utterly unfit to become your companion through life."

"This is madness. What sort of a wife do you think I ought to have?"

"A careful, calculating, practical woman who can live on your small salary."

The woman who took the cream off the contents of our last number and made a pound of butter out of it has also produced a cheese from the milk of human kindness and washed the close of a year.

FICTION.

THE UNGRATEFUL STRANGER.—Judge between me and my guest, the stranger within my gates, the man whom in his extremity I clothed and fed.

Nobody knew whence he came—except that it was from the wind and the night—seeing that he spoke in a strange tongue, moaning, and making a sound like the twittering of birds in a chimney. But his journey must have been long and painful, for his legs bent under him, and he could not stand when they lifted him. So, finding it useless to question him for the time, I learnt from the servants all they had to tell—namely, that they had come upon him but a few minutes before, lying on his face, without staff or scrip, bareheaded, spent, and crying feebly for succour in his foreign tongue.

Now, for the look of this man he seemed a century old, being bald, extremely wrinkled, with wide hollows where the teeth should be, and the flesh hanging loose on his cheekbones; and what colour he had could have only come from exposure to that bitter night. But his eyes chiefly spoke of his extreme age. They frightened me, too. Perhaps they conveyed a warning of that which I was to endure at their owner's hands. From compassion I ordered the servants to take him to my wife, with word that I wished her to set food before him and see that it passed his lips.

So much I did for this stranger. Now learn how he rewarded me.

He has taken my youth from me and the most of my substance and the love of my wife.

From the hour when he tasted food in my house he sat there without the hint of going. Whether from design or because age and his sufferings had really palsied him, he came back tediously to life and warmth, nor for many days professed himself able to stand erect. Meanwhile he lived on the best of our hospitality. When we were alone my wife and I used to speculate at times on his probable profession. Was he a merchant? an aged mariner? a tinker, tailor, beggar man, thief? We could never decide and he never disclosed.

Then the awakening came. I sat one day in the chair, beside him, wondering as usual; I had felt heavy of late, with a soreness and languor in my bones, as if a dead weight hung continually on my shoulders and another rested on my heart. A warmer colour in the stranger's cheek caught my attention, and I bent forward, peering under the pendulous lids. His eyes were livelier and less profound. The melancholy was passing from them as breath fades off a pane of glass. He was growing younger. Starting up I ran across the room to the mirror.

There were two white hairs in my forelock, and at the corners of either eye half-a-dozen radiating lines. I was an old man.

Turning, I regarded the stranger. He sat phlegmatic as an Indian idol, and in my fancy I felt the young blood draining from my heart, and saw it mantling in his cheeks. Minute by minute I watched the slow miracle—the old man beautified. As buds unfold he put on a lovely youthfulness, and drop by drop left me winter.

I hurried from the room, and, seeing my wife, laid the case before her. "This is a ghoul," I said, "that we harbour; he is sucking my best blood, and the household is clean bewitched." She laid aside the book in which she read, and laughed at me. Now, my wife was well looking, and her eyes were the light of my soul. Consider, then, how I felt as she laughed, taking the stranger's part against me. When I left her it was with a new suspicion in my heart. "How shall it be," I thought, "if, after stealing my youth, he go on to take the one thing that is better?"

In my room, day by day, I brooded upon this—hating my own alteration, and fearing worse. With the stranger there was no longer any disguise. His head blossomed in curls; white teeth filled the hollows of his mouth; the pits in his cheeks were heaped full of roses, glowing under a transparent skin.

Now, having probed my weakness, and being satisfied that I no longer dared to turn him out, he, who had half-imposed his native tongue upon us, constrained the household to a hideous jargon, the bastard growth of two languages, condescended to jerk us back rudely into our own speech once more, mastering it with a readiness that proved his former dissimulation, and using it henceforward as the sole vehicle of his wishes. On his past life he remained silent, but took occasion to confide in me that he proposed embracing a military career as soon as he should tire of the shelter of my roof.

And I groaned in my chamber, for that which I feared had come to pass. He was making open love to my wife. And the eyes with which he looked at her, and the lips with which he coaxed her, had been mine; and I was an old man. Judge now between me and the guest.

One morning I went to my wife, for the burden was past bearing, and I must satisfy myself. I found her tending the plants on the window-ledge, and when she turned I saw that years had not taken from her comeliness one jot. And I was old.

So I taxed her on the matter of this stranger, saying this and that, and how I had cause to believe he loved her.

"That is beyond doubt," she answered, and smiled.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

"By my head, I believe his fancy is returned!" I blurted out.

And her smile grew radiant, as, looking me in the face, she answered:

"By my soul, husband, it is."

Then I went from her down into my garden, where the day grew hot and the flowers were beginning to droop. I stared upon them and could find no solution to the problem that worked in my heart. And then I glanced up eastward, to the sun above the privet-hedge, and saw him across the flower-beds, treading them down in wantonness. He came with a light step and a smile, and I waited for him, leaning on my stick.

"Give me your watch!" he called out, as he drew near.

"Why should I give you my watch?" I asked, while something worked in my throat.

"Because I wish it; because it is gold; because you are too old and won't want it much longer."

"Take it," I cried, pulling the watch out and thrusting it into his hand. "Take it—you who have taken all that is better! Strip me, spoil me—"

A soft laugh sounded above, and I turned. My wife was looking down on us from the window, and her eyes were both moist and glad.

"Pardon me," she said, "it is you who are spoiling the child."

"WHAT are you crying for, Johnny?"

"Because my brothers have a holiday and I haven't."

"But why haven't you a holiday?"

"Because I'm not old enough to go to school yet."

"CAN'T you wait upon me?" said the impatient customer. "Two pounds of liver; I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry," said the butcher, "but there are two or three ahead of you. Surely you would not have your liver out of order!"

A PHYSICIAN says: "In buying clothing care should be taken to investigate the hygroscopicity of the cloth." We always do, but, singular as it may appear, many persons buy a coat, and never give a thought to its hygroscopicity. This is a great mistake.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PRACTICE.—"Jack," said the father, "are you going to enter for the sports at school this year?"

"Yes," answered the son, "I'm going to try for the mile race."

"All right. Here is a package I wish you to deliver to Blinkins. It is just about a mile from here, so let me see how long it will take you."

SOME MIGHTY INTERESTING . . .
FACTS ABOUT "SHORT STORIES."

THREE weeks ago we doubled the size and we doubled the interest in this paper. Now we look like trebling the circulation. It started at an easy gallop, then we lost all control, and it is at present bolting clean away.

Well, knowing that we are giving the peoples of the world a far better story paper than anybody else, we want to do even better than this. We have made up our minds that *Short Stories* shall penetrate to the uttermost parts of the earth (we doubt whether we shall get it further). We intend that it shall find its way into the jungles of India and the icy mountains of the frozen North; it shall be read in the haciendas of Mexico and on the gold-bearing plains of Australia; it shall reach the pioneer settlements of Buluwayo, where, but a few months ago, Lobengula ruled in savage state; and it shall go over oceans and continents to wherever there is an eye with intelligence to admire the beautiful in art and to appreciate the brightest and most novel in literature.

TWO GRAND NEW STORIES ARE JUST ABOUT TO COMMENCE.

"GOLDEN * STAR."
A Romance.

By that favourite author MR. GEORGE GRIFFITH, who wrote "The Angel of the Revolution," "Valdar the Oft-Born," etc.

STARTS NEXT WEEK.

A week later MR. HEADON HILL, the author of "Guilty Gold," opens a new novel to be called

"The Queen of Night."

Mr. Griffith being so well known to our readers needs no further introduction than the mere mention of his name, but MR. HEADON HILL is not so well known to them. Soon, however, he will endear himself to every one who is sensible enough to read *Short Stories*. It would be unfair to give the plot of his story, but this we do say—it is one of the most marvellous stories ever conceived by the mind of man, and will create a sensation.

Shoot a copy of *Short Stories* into a new territory—into a community where it is unknown—and straightway there will spring up a crop of readers who could paint the district yellow with its golden covers.

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you

FACTS.

A FLASH of lightning is often a mile long.

ARTIFICIAL ivory is made from condensed skim milk.

POTATOES in Greenland never grow larger than a marble.

PRUSSIAN blue paint is made from the ashes of the burnt hoofs of horses.

MUSTARD used to be eaten whole and dry instead of in a paste made from mustard flour.

THERE are on the Thames 379 swans belonging to the Queen and the Dyers' and Vintners' companies.

GLASSES are now supplied by the British Admiralty to the officers and sailors serving on fast torpedo-boats, as the high speed has been found to be injurious to the eyes.

WOMEN prompters have been tried at Covent Garden Theatre with success, as it has been found that their voices carry better across the stage, and are less audible in the auditorium.

A PAPER-CHASE for cyclists is the latest craze. All Dinard was out on wheels the other day for an event of this kind. Twenty-five ladies and gentlemen raced an hour all over the country.

A SEAWEED of the South Pacific often grows to be thirty or forty inches in diameter, and 1,500 to 2,000 feet in length. It has no root in the proper sense, the nourishment being absorbed from the water.

In California it has been found that peach stones burn as well as the best coal, and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is tinned or dried are collected, and sold at the rate of £3 per ton.

A STORY is told of a gentleman of rank and fortune in Ireland who fancies one of his legs is of one religion and the other of another. He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate legs outside the bedclothes to punish it for its religious errors.

It is unlawful in Ohio to keep any native song bird in confinement. During the past month twenty-eight people have been arrested in Cincinnati for this offence, and it is estimated that over 25,000 birds have been given their freedom within the past year.

THE hottest mines in the world are the Comstock. On the lower levels the heat is so great that the men cannot work over ten or fifteen minutes at a time. Every known means of mitigating the heat have been tried in vain. Ice melts before it reaches the bottom of the shafts.

A NOVELTY in the return tickets difficulty has been introduced by the South London Electric Railway. The usual reduction as compared with single fares is maintained, but the return half of the ticket is usable at any time. This is a step worthy the attention of other companies.

WE have already been informed that the fortunes of sixty-five famous doctors yielded an average of £60,000 each. It now appears that those of twenty-two judges work out at £52,000; of thirty-seven judges and stipendiary magistrates at £43,000; of twenty members of the Bar at £61,582; and of forty-four solicitors at £84,983. None of these averages equals that of members of the Stock Exchange, eighty-four of whom have died within the past seven or eight years worth, one with another, no less than £95,635 on an average.

HAIRDRESSERS in Kent have of late reaped a rich harvest. The new chief constable of the county has expressed his disapproval of members of the force wearing "mutton-chop" whiskers or "door-knocker" appendages to the chin. None but military moustaches or well-regulated beards are in future to be tolerated, and constables who cannot rear either the one or the other of these capillary garnishings in sufficient quantities to preserve symmetry must content themselves with clean-shaven countenances. Hence the unusual harvest for Kentish barbers.

THE cattle, sheep, and swine in Denmark have to undergo a rigid veterinary examination both before and after they are slaughtered. Before meat can be removed from the slaughter-house it must be officially stamped as "first or second-class food." Some unscrupulous butchers tried to efface the stamp by cutting it out or chemically removing it, and replacing "first" for "second-class," but they were summarily dealt with, and a fine of £110 imposed, which has effectually put a stop to their tricks. It is not only in Denmark that they mark meat (although it is done there for quality), but in Italy, the United States, the Netherlands, Belgium, and Germany.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to September 25th, 1893, and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 112.

General Manager for the
Ocean Accident and
Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

R. D. Paul

If you stick to P.W.
Nothing will trouble you.

ROUND THE WORLD FOR NOTHING.

BY A. CARROLL.

BRUSSELS TO REGENSBURG.

No. 2.

UNTIL arriving at Brussels, owing to my having had friends at Folkestone, Boulogne, and Tournai, I had experienced no difficulty in obtaining board and lodging. At the Belgian capital, however, I found myself quite a stranger in a strange town.

I made up my mind to go to different hotels, and endeavour to obtain some employment at one of them. At each hotel I went to I was received with bows and smiles until I stated my errand, when it was a very different tale.

Brussels was celebrating La Kermesse, an annual festival. The square outside the Gare du Midi was full of booths and tents; they extended along the streets as far as the eye could reach. I made the acquaintance of the proprietor of a refreshment tent where beer was to be sold. He was a patriotic Italian, spoke a little English, and it was chiefly owing to this and the fact that Italian warships were then in English waters that he agreed to give me three francs, that and the following evening, provided I helped him to sell his beer; he added that I would be sure to make a good deal in "tips," and it was only because I was English that he gave me any wages.

This suited me very well. About five o'clock people commenced to come in, and I certainly have never had to work so hard in all my life. There were two men behind the bar and three waiters; not one of us was for a moment idle from seven o'clock that evening to past midnight. I am afraid to say how many glasses of beer I served, but it must have been a very large number. We closed shortly after midnight, and the first thing I did afterwards was to count up my "tips." My pockets were full of copper coins—mostly ten centime pieces. I had made, I found to my surprise and delight, over twelve francs. I slept that night at the hotel where I had left my luggage, paying two francs for my room.

I was not due at the tent until five p.m., and so I spent most of the next day in seeing Brussels, which I need not describe here.

The next day the Italian, instead of giving me the money he owed me, bought, at my request, a third-class ticket to Cologne, with which I proceeded on my journey east. I had nineteen francs in my pocket, so felt quite rich and satisfied with myself.

At Cologne I obtained, through the kindness of Messrs. T. Cook and Son's agent at that town, a pass from the Kölnische und Düsseldorfer Gesellschaft, to travel up the Rhine free as far as Mainz in one of their steamers.

The Rhine, too, has been so often described, that I need not stop to write about it. I would like, however, here to advise any who are thinking of taking a cheap and interesting trip on the Continent, to go through Tournai, Brussels, and Cologne, and from there go up the Rhine to Biebrich, in one of the passenger steamers, thence go to Wiesbaden, and from there to Frankfort-am-Maine.

Whilst on the Rhine I had a rare slice of luck. I met with three American gentlemen, Messrs. Reilly (2) and Hagar, of Lancaster, near New York. They told me that they intended going to Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Munich, and from there on into Switzerland; they could not speak a word of German, and were anxious to hire a courier who knew the towns they were going to, and could speak both English and German.

I having lived for over eighteen months in Frankfort with a tutor, and knowing Wiesbaden and Nuremberg, offered my services. They were at first surprised, but eventually we came to terms, and I was hired as guide and interpreter as far as Regensburg, for six marks a day and expenses paid.

I then told them what I was endeavouring to do, and they were only too delighted in being thus able to assist me. We stayed a day at Wiesbaden, drank its waters and visited the Greek Church. From there we went on to that most charming of German towns, Frankfort-am-Maine. We stayed at the Schwan Hotel, in a room of which the treaty of peace was signed after the late Franco-German War. The next day I had time to call upon some friends whom I had not met since 1863, when we had been boys together.

One of them, named Maas, who had a good voice and played the banjo, suggested that we should blacken our faces and go round to the different cafés as negro minstrels, "like you do in England." We shall be sure to make a little money like that for your journey," he said, laughingly.

I determined, if I was not wanted that evening, to act upon the idea, and, accordingly, went back to the hotel and spoke to my employers about it. Not only were they quite willing, but one of them, who possesses a good tenor voice, asked if he might join the troupe. This was excellent. I cannot sing or play a note myself, and so another minstrel was just what we needed.

About eight o'clock we sallied forth in our war attire, which consisted of flannel trousers, white shirts, and huge straw hats with brilliantly coloured ribbons around them. Our faces and hands were jet black. It was the

twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-German War, the town was *en fête*, and we had, therefore, hit upon a propitious day.

My German friend played the banjo excellently; we had had a rehearsal of an hour or so, and he was soon able to play the accompaniment of the English and American songs. If it had not been a festival I am afraid the police would have stopped us, but as it was they did nothing.

At the Café Bauer, I think it was, we achieved our greatest triumph. A German who spoke a little English and had evidently been in England some time ago, asked us if we could sing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." We sang it and some Englishmen who were in the café joined in the chorus after the first verse; after the second everybody in the café sang. It was a wonderful success, and we received not alone ten pfennig (one penny) pieces, but several fifty pfennig pieces and marks (shilling).

We returned home, having made in English money over two pounds ten—a large amount, but both the American and German sang really well, the day was propitious, and the people in a good temper. All the money, after paying for a few paltry expenses, was handed over to me.

Space does not permit me to describe our journey from Frankfort to Nuremberg and from there on to Regensburg (French Ratisbon). Nuremberg is full of quaint and picturesque buildings. It has a large collection of instruments formerly used for torturing prisoners. There is a well three hundred and thirty feet deep before coming to water. It is cut almost entirely out of the solid rock, and was drilled by prisoners, who took thirty years about it.

At Regensburg I parted from my American employers, or, I should rather say, friends. They had been exceedingly kind to me, and I was only sorry that I could not see my way to visit Switzerland with them. But that great natural highway to the East—the Danube—is flowing through the town, and it is my intention to journey along it, at least as far as Belgrade. I have now reached eastern Germany in far shorter time than I expected, and I only trust that the same good fortune that I have experienced at the commencement of my journey may continue with me to the end.

HOW WHALES LOVE.

CAPTAIN SCORESBY relates how one of his harpooners, having struck a young whale in order to secure the mother, saw her instantly rise, wrap her clippers round her young one, and descend, dragging about six hundred feet of line out of the boat with marvellous force and velocity. Again she rose to the surface, darted furiously to and fro, frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, giving every possible intonation of agony.

The boats continued to pursue her closely for a length of time, while she, poor creature, seemed utterly regardless of the dangers which surrounded her. At last one of the boats approached so near that a harpoon was thrown at her, then a second harpoon, and a third; still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed the other boats to approach, so that more harpoons were attached, till, in the course of an hour, the poor animal was killed.

Though there was something painful in the deliberate destruction of a creature evincing such heroic affection for her offspring, yet this feeling of compassion quickly gave way to the interest of the adventure, the value of the prize, and the exciting joy of the capture.

The fidelity of the male and female whale to each other exceeds that of most animals. Anderson, in his "History of Greenland," mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and a female that were in company together, the wounded creature made a long and terrible resistance.

With a single blow of its tail it upset a boat containing three men, by which they all went to the bottom. When another boat came up, the other whale still remained by its companion, and lent every assistance, till at last the wounded victim sank under the number and severity of its wounds, while its faithful partner, unable to survive its loss, stretched herself upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

MRS. DE STYLE: "Oh, John, please 'buy me that drum! I know you can get it cheap."

Mr. de Style (dumfounded): "Gracious, what in the world do you want a bass drum for?"

Mrs. de Style: "Why, it will make such a splendid box for my theatre hat."

THE stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the onslaught of the cable car.

"Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman.

"I am not," answered the officer.

"What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked, after the old gentleman had gone.

"Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him I was married, he would probably have sent me some cabbage, or a ham, or something. As it is, I shall most likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a bottle."

IS CAVALRY TO BE ABOLISHED?

It seems that Germany has serious intentions of doing away with the cavalry branch of the Service altogether. It is argued that the cavalry is a hindrance rather than a help to the army.

Even as far back as 1870 the French cavalry charges at Reichofen, Sedan, and Mars la Tour were useless exhibitions of heroism, as they did not prevent the forward march of the Germans, whose infantry and artillery surmounted all obstacles. It is also certain that with the new rifles and artillery, the cavalry is really nothing but the raw material for holocausts. Every saddle could be emptied in two minutes, or within the rush of a mile.

It is, therefore, probable that 75 per cent. of the cavalry will be converted into infantrymen or artillerymen. The remainder, or the majority of them, will become bicyclists.

INVITED TO DANCE.

THE receptions of a certain French general's wife were for some reason uncongenial to the youths under his command, and unfrequented by them. The general, a strict martinet, was imprudent enough to reproach them with their shortcomings in this matter, and to demand a change in their manners.

At his very next ball, when all the guests were assembled, the tramp, tramp of marching feet was heard upon the staircase, the door was thrown open, and there marched into the room a whole corps of cadets, who, with their young officer at their head, halted, and stood at attention.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the general.

"The first corps of cadets, to dancing commanded!"

replied the youth, saluting as though on parade.

"Take them away!" screamed the general, beside himself with rage.

"Right about face, march!" was the calm and unmoved answer, and the cadets marched out in the same order as they had entered.

BLOODSUCKERS.

THE leech is a strange unlovely creature. Fortunately it has gone out of fashion nowadays. But thirty or forty years ago when medical men had a pleasant way of bleeding every patient who fell into their hands, the little bloodsuckers used to be in great demand. Even now the trade in leeches is considerable.

In those days leech producing and leech fishing was quite a trade even in this country, and on the Continent it was carried on much more extensively.

Leech fishing is not a pleasant occupation. It condemns the fishers to foggy mists, foul muddy waters, and most fetid odours. And worse than this the fisher has himself to be the bait. Blood for blood is the motto of those sanguinary beasts, and nothing but a pair of plump and naked legs will tempt them from their stagnant pools.

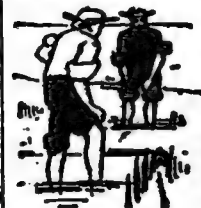
The English leech is found mostly in our Eastern counties—Norfolk especially being favourable to its existence on account of the many broads with their humid atmosphere. The leech lives a semi-aquatic existence; it must have plenty of air and plenty of water, and it likes to take them foul.

They are caught in the spring and early summer. The men turn up their trousers and wade knee-deep into the water. The sight of two juicy legs acts like a magnet on the leeches. They make a rush for them, cling on and begin to suck. The men pick them off as fast as they can, and put them into bags which they carry fastened round their waists. They do not lose any time, for the little black creatures will swallow five times their own weight in the blood of a victim in no time, and cause as much again to flow away. Towards the end of the season the leeches retire into deep water, and then their pursuers are compelled to strip naked and wade in up to their chins. This is terrible work as the bloodsuckers find many a more tender spot than the leg. An alternative to this plan is to take a raft out and dangle arms and legs in the water.

An expert catches many just as they are fastening on, and so saves a certain amount of blood. This is an important item. A good fisher can, if he is careful, go on for four or five hours on end before he gets exhausted from loss of blood. In that time he will have caught nearly two hundred leeches.

It is a funny, almost uncanny, sight to see these unhealthy-looking men wading along through marshes and swamps and dirty streams, their arms and legs bare, poking about among the rushes, and turning the mossy pebbles over with their toes in the hopes of stirring up some colony of leeches.

Every now and then they stop, and you see them raise one black bespeckled leg and pick away until the furious sucking on the other causes them to bring that up hastily for inspection, while the former takes its place as bait and standard.



A HOUSE FOR CYCLING.

THE wheeling craze has so taken hold of every class in Paris that avenue and park and country has not sufficed for them. The institution of the Velodrome, a combination of bicycle track and circus, rose. Then the great dance halls, like the Moulin Rouge, threw their doors open to bicycling during the morning.

The bicyclists of Paris have now a giant free club and flitting hall for rainy weather on the roadway to the park, and in the centre of that Paris which is new and chic.

The Palais Sport is five storeys high, a great round space, with a glass roof draped with a canopy of pink and white. Electric lights are everywhere, and round the track of the first floor the visitor sees a landscape in the fashion of a cyclorama, a smiling landscape to be ridden round without fear of dust, mud, mad dogs, or perambulators.

Behind this space, which is like a large circus ring, and in its centre there are promenades with little chairs and tables, while on a balcony an orchestra is playing always.

THIS IS A GOOD ONE.

ONCE, while a man was eating his breakfast on a summer morning, he saw an unfortunate fly stuck fast in the butter.

His first idea was to let it die by the point of his knife to the slow music of bad words, but being in the main a kind-hearted man, better thoughts came to him, and he decided to save its life.

So this kind, good man tenderly removed the fly, gently scraped the butter off its little legs, carefully wiped its wings with his table-napkin, and, softly stroking its little back, set it at liberty.

That night the fly woke him.

There was a burglar!

He was just putting the last of the family silver into his basket, preparatory to carrying it away; but when he saw the owner he dropped his plunder and fled through the open window. The fly, which had followed the man downstairs, buzzed triumphantly over the basket, and then settled confidently upon his hand.

And looking at it closely, the man, by a certain shiny look that lingered yet about its body, saw that it was the same fly that he had rescued from the butter.

He had spared its life, and in gratitude it had saved his silver.

Thus we see that kind actions rarely go unrewarded.

A LANDLORD IN GLOOM.

WIFE: "Who was that who called?"

Husband: "One of my tenants to pay me his rent."

"Did he pay it?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you look so gloomy?"

"He didn't say anything about wanting five or six hundred pounds worth of repairs."

"What of it?"

"That shows he's going to leave."

SCIENCE IN A NEW ROLE.

RIO DE JANEIRO, the capital of Brazil, has a notoriously bad climate. It is a fastness of yellow fever and subtle tropical ailments, and the death rate is so alarmingly high as to seriously affect the commercial prosperity of the city. Some time ago the Brazilian Government took in hand the question of removing their capital, and appointed a scientific commission to fix a site.

The commission has selected a plateau which should be a real land of promise to the transigrants from the coast. The spot is over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and its temperature resembles that of middle France.

There is plenty of water for agriculture, and no yellow fever. The journey by rail from the coast is a matter of some eighteen hours. This is believed to be the first occasion on record in which science has been called in to choose the site of a capital.

ATTRIBUTES OF MAN.—David was only about five years old, but he was very anxious to be a man. One day when he had been thinking about the matter he came to his mamma and said:

"Oh, mamma, I do wish I had a vest and a bald head!"

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the first Prime Minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an Upper House:

"Of what use is the Senate?" asked Jefferson, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer.

"You have answered your own question?" replied Washington.

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you pour that tea into the saucer?"

"To cool it."

"Even so," said Washington, "the Senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

LADY ELAINE'S MARTYRDOM.

THIS, the latest addition to Pearson's Library, is really a very good six shilling novel for sixpence, and if it does not meet with a very large sale it will be a matter of surprise. The author, Mr. Frederick Lealie, knows how to write readable, concise, eventful fiction, and in the story before us he carries the reader irresistibly with him to the end. "Lady Elaine's Martyrdom" is essentially a love story, though not of the tame, commonplace kind. There are misunderstandings which excite both interest and curiosity; plots, ingenious and coldblooded, the development of which the dullest reader cannot fail to follow keenly; and while the passion of love is shown to ennoble some of the characters introduced, it has a widely different effect on at least one other. Cloud and sunshine alternate; and while over one or two persons in the drama the cloud hangs long, light and peace come at last.—*Halifax Courier*.

WOMEN DRESSED IN WOOD.

A PROCESS has been discovered by which a material closely resembling silk may be manufactured from wood. Even now women are walking about the streets of some Continental cities in the most elaborate gowns of silk in the manufacture of which the worm had no part. In fact, the silkworm is likely to lose its occupation.

The palm for this valuable discovery in chemical science must go to Switzerland, for a native of Zurich, Dr. Lehner by name, is the inventor of the process.

In the manufacture of the new fabric the principal ingredients used are spruce-wood pulp, cotton or jute waste, combined with a large quantity of alcohol. The use of the substantial or solid materials mentioned creates a market for what was hitherto of no use whatever, being burned in factory furnaces to get it out of the way.

The material in its raw state is so much like the cocoon spun by the silkworm that when the two are placed side by side in a finished state it takes an expert to determine which is which.

This artificial silk has been spun in Bradford, and worked up into a large variety of fabrics. In the dyeing, weaving, and finishing of this no special treatment has been found necessary.

It has been dyed in all imaginable shades and colours, and owing to the peculiar qualities of the material, it takes a dye more readily and gives a more brilliant effect than the natural article.

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past as fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text book, "Corpulency, and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free, by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—with in a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

The following are extracts from leading journals:—

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCY.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the reverse of "delightful," that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued 18th edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency, and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of

equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

THE MISERY OF CORPULENCY.

A copy has come to hand of the just issued 18th edition of Mr. F. Cecil Russell's "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), the clever little volume which, more than anything else, has brought about a revolution in the treatment of obesity. That the still larger circulation implied by the issue of the new edition of this popular work is necessary is proved by such a paragraph as the following. It appears among the answers to correspondents in the "Dress and Fashion" column of a London Sunday newspaper, with a large circulation: "Miserable.—A young girl of eighteen ought not to have such a large stomach that no dress looks well. Perhaps you require exercise and dieting." The helpless vagueness of this reply to a young girl who is naturally "miserable" on account of her unseemly obesity is a sufficient evidence that Mr. Russell does well in seeking to make known, even more widely than they are at present, the simplicity, the efficiency, the rapidity, and the delightful surroundings of his treatment for the reduction of superabundant fat. The young girl in question, who might exercise and diet herself for months without any appreciable improvement, may easily learn to imitate the example of thousands of ladies, of all ages, who, by the use of Mr. Russell's pure vegetable preparation, have reduced their weight at the rate of pounds per week, and sometimes (but only when necessary, for the working of the cure is virtually automatic, stopping its effects when the normal limit is reached) stones per month. She may acquire this open secret—for the author makes no mystery about the ingredients of his recipe—by sending 6d. in stamps to Mr. Russell's office, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of the book will be sent post free. If she follow his instructions, "Miserable," without any fasting regimen, and without excessive exercise, will find herself being quickly reduced to shapely proportions, with an improved appetite, and full liberty to gratify it.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages) and is a cheap issue (only

6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure; for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos, i.e., 34lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 11lb. or 21lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information, we may say that on sending sixpence in stamps a book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

ROUND THE WORLD FOR NOTHING.

BY A. CARROLL.

BRUSSELS TO REGENSBURG.

No. 2.

UNTIL arriving at Brussels, owing to my having had friends at Folkestone, Boulogne, and Tournai, I had experienced no difficulty in obtaining board and lodging. At the Belgian capital, however, I found myself quite a stranger in a strange town.

I made up my mind to go to different hotels, and endeavour to obtain some employment at one of them. At each hotel I went to I was received with bows and smiles until I stated my errand, when it was a very different tale.

Brussels was celebrating La Kermesse, an annual festival. The square outside the Gare du Midi was full of booths and tents; they extended along the streets as far as the eye could reach. I made the acquaintance of the proprietor of a refreshment tent where beer was to be sold. He was a patriotic Italian, spoke a little English, and it was chiefly owing to this and the fact that Italian warships were then in English waters that he agreed to give me three francs, that and the following evening, provided I helped him to sell his beer; he added that I would be sure to make a good deal in "tips," and it was only because I was English that he gave me any wages.

This suited me very well. About five o'clock people commenced to come in, and I certainly have never had to work so hard in all my life. There were two men behind the bar and three waiters; not one of us was for a moment idle from seven o'clock that evening to past midnight. I am afraid to say how many glasses of beer I served, but it must have been a very large number. We closed shortly after midnight, and the first thing I did afterwards was to count up my "tips." My pockets were full of copper coins—mostly ten centime pieces. I had made, I found to my surprise and delight, over twelve francs. I slept that night at the hotel where I had left my luggage, paying two francs for my room.

I was not due at the tent until five p.m., and so I spent most of the next day in seeing Brussels, which I need not describe here.

The next day the Italian, instead of giving me the money he owed me, bought, at my request, a third-class ticket to Cologne, with which I proceeded on my journey east. I had nineteen francs in my pocket, so felt quite rich and satisfied with myself.

At Cologne I obtained, through the kindness of Messrs. T. Cook and Son's agent at that town, a pass from the Kölnische und Düsseldorfer Gesellschaft, to travel up the Rhine free as far as Mainz in one of their steamers.

The Rhine, too, has been so often described, that I need not stop to write about it. I would like, however, here to advise any who are thinking of taking a cheap and interesting trip on the Continent, to go through Tournai, Brussels, and Cologne, and from there go up the Rhine to Biebrich, in one of the passenger steamers, thence go to Wiesbaden, and from there to Frankfurt-am-Main.

Whilst on the Rhine I had a rare slice of luck. I met with three American gentlemen, Messrs. Reilly (2) and Hagar, of Lancaster, near New York. They told me that they intended going to Wiesbaden, Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Regensburg, Munich, and from there on into Switzerland; they could not speak a word of German, and were anxious to hire a courier who knew the towns they were going to, and could speak both English and German.

I having lived for over eighteen months in Frankfurt with a tutor, and knowing Wiesbaden and Nuremberg, offered my services. They were at first surprised, but eventually we came to terms, and I was hired as guide and interpreter as far as Regensburg, for six marks a day and expenses paid.

I then told them what I was endeavouring to do, and they were only too delighted in being thus able to assist me. We stayed a day at Wiesbaden, drank its waters and visited the Greek Church. From there we went on to that most charming of German towns, Frankfurt-am-Main. We stayed at the Schwan Hotel, in a room of which the treaty of peace was signed after the late Franco-German War. The next day I had time to call upon some friends whom I had not met since 1883, when we had been boys together.

One of them, named Maas, who had a good voice and played the banjo, suggested that we should blacken our faces and go round to the different cafés as negro minstrels, "like you do in England. We shall be sure to make a little money like that for your journey," he said, laughingly.

I determined, if I was not wanted that evening, to set upon the idea, and, accordingly, went back to the hotel and spoke to my employers about it. Not only were they quite willing, but one of them, who possesses a good tenor voice, asked if he might join the troupe. This was excellent. I cannot sing or play a note myself, and so another minstrel was just what we needed.

About eight o'clock we sallied forth in our war attire, which consisted of flannel trousers, white shirts, and huge straw hats with brilliantly coloured ribbons around them. Our faces and hands were jet black. It was the

twenty-fifth anniversary of the Franco-German War, the town was en fête, and we had, therefore, hit upon a propitious day.

My German friend played the banjo excellently; we had had a rehearsal of an hour or so, and he was soon able to play the accompaniment of the English and American songs. If it had not been a festival I am afraid the police would have stopped us, but as it was they did nothing.

At the Café Bauer, I think it was, we achieved our greatest triumph. A German who spoke a little English and had evidently been in England some time ago, asked us if we could sing "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay." We sang it and some Englishmen who were in the café joined in the chorus after the first verse; after the second everybody in the café sang. It was a wonderful success, and we received not alone ten pfennig (one penny) pieces, but several fifty pfennig pieces and marks (shilling).

We returned home, having made in (English) money over two pounds ten—a large amount, but both the American and German sang really well, the day was propitious, and the people in a good temper. All the money, after paying for a few paltry expenses, was handed over to me.

Space does not permit me to describe our journey from Frankfurt to Nuremberg and from there on to Regensburg (French Ratisbon). Nuremberg is full of quaint and picturesque buildings. It has a large collection of instruments formerly used for torturing prisoners. There is a well three hundred and thirty feet deep before coming to water. It is cut almost entirely out of the solid rock, and was drilled by prisoners, who took thirty years about it.

At Regensburg I parted from my American employers, or, I should rather say, friends. They had been exceedingly kind to me, and I was only sorry that I could not see my way to visit Switzerland with them. But that great natural highway to the East—the Danube—is flowing through the town, and it is my intention to journey along it, at least as far as Belgrade. I have now reached eastern Germany in far shorter time than I expected, and I only trust that the same good fortune that I have experienced at the commencement of my journey may continue with me to the end.

HOW WHALES LOVE.

CAPTAIN SCORESBY relates how one of his harpooners, having struck a young whale in order to secure the mother, saw her instantly rise, wrap her clippers round her young one, and descend, dragging about six hundred feet of line out of the boat with marvellous force and velocity. Again she rose to the surface, darted furiously to and fro, frequently stopped short, or suddenly changed her direction, giving every possible intonation of agony.

The boats continued to pursue her closely for a length of time, while she, poor creature, seemed utterly regardless of the dangers which surrounded her. At last one of the boats approached so near that a harpoon was thrown at her, then a second harpoon, and a third; still she did not attempt to escape, but allowed the other boats to approach, so that more harpoons were attached, till, in the course of an hour, the poor animal was killed.

Though there was something painful in the deliberate destruction of a creature evincing such heroic affection for her offspring, yet this feeling of compassion quickly gave way to the interest of the adventure, the value of the prize, and the exciting joy of the capture.

The fidelity of the male and female whale to each other exceeds that of most animals. Anderson, in his "History of Greenland," mentions that some fishermen, having struck one of two whales, a male and a female that were in company together, the wounded creature made a long and terrible resistance.

With a single blow of its tail it upset a boat containing three men, by which they all went to the bottom. When another boat came up, the other whale still remained by its companion, and lent every assistance, till at last the wounded victim sank under the number and severity of its wounds, while its faithful partner, unable to survive its loss, stretched herself upon the dead body of her mate, and calmly shared its fate.

MRS. DE STYLE: "Oh, John, please buy me that drum! I know you can get it cheap."

MR. DE STYLE (dumfounded): "Gracious, what in the world do you want a bass drum for?"

MRS. DE STYLE: "Why, it will make such a splendid box for my theatre hat."

THE stalwart policeman had just rescued the well-dressed old gentleman from the onslaught of the cable car.

"Officer, are you married?" asked the old gentleman.

"I am not," answered the officer.

"What made you deny having a family?" the other policeman asked, after the old gentleman had gone.

"Because I think he has an idea of sending me a present. If I had told him I was married, he would probably have sent me some cabbages, or a ham, or something. As it is, I shall most likely get a box of fine cigars, or maybe something in a bottle."

IS CAVALRY TO BE ABOLISHED?

It seems that Germany has serious intentions of doing away with the cavalry branch of the Service altogether. It is argued that the cavalry is a hindrance rather than a help to the army.

Even as far back as 1870 the French cavalry charges at Reicheofen, Sedan, and Mars la Tour were useless exhibitions of heroism, as they did not prevent the forward march of the Germans, whose infantry and artillery surmounted all obstacles. It is also certain that with the new rifles and artillery, the cavalry is really nothing but the raw material for holocausts. Every saddle could be emptied in two minutes, or within the rush of a mile.

It is, therefore, probable that 75 per cent. of the cavalry will be converted into infantrymen or artillerymen. The remainder, or the majority of them, will become bicyclists.

INVITED TO DANCE.

THE receptions of a certain French general's wife were for some reason uncongenial to the youths under his command, and unfrequented by them. The general, a strict martinet, was imprudent enough to reproach them with their shortcomings in this matter, and to demand a change in their manners.

At his very next ball, when all the guests were assembled, the tramp, tramp of marching feet was heard upon the staircase, the door was thrown open, and there marched into the room a whole corps of cadets, who, with their young officer at their head, halted, and stood at attention.

"What is the meaning of this?" shouted the general.

"The first corps of cadets, to dancing commanded!" replied the youth, saluting as though on parade.

"Take them away!" screamed the general, beside himself with rage.

"Right about face, march!" was the calm and unmoved answer, and the cadets marched out in the same order as they had entered.

BLOODSUCKERS.

THE leech is a strange unlovely creature. Fortunately it has gone out of fashion nowadays. But thirty or forty years ago when medical men had a pleasant way of bleeding every patient who fell into their hands, the little bloodsuckers used to be in great demand. Even now the trade in leeches is considerable.

In those days leech producing and leech fishing was quite a trade even in this country, and on the Continent it was carried on much more extensively.

Leech fishing is not a pleasant occupation. It condemns the fishers to foggy mists, foul muddy waters, and most fetid odours. And worse than this the fisher has himself to be the bait. Blood for blood is the motto of those sanguinary beasts, and nothing but a pair of plump and naked legs will tempt them from their stagnant pools.

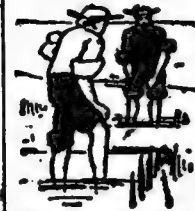
The English leech is found mostly in our Eastern counties—Norfolk especially being favourable to its existence on account of the many broads with their humid atmosphere. The leech lives a semi-aquatic existence; it must have plenty of air and plenty of water, and it likes to take them foul.

They are caught in the spring and early summer. The men turn up their trousers and wade knee-deep into the water. The sight of two juicy legs acts like a magnet on the leeches. They make a rush for them, cling on and begin to suck. The men pick them off as fast as they can, and put them into bags which they carry fastened round their waists. They do not lose any time, for the little black creatures will swallow five times their own weight in the blood of a victim in no time, and cause as much again to flow away. Towards the end of the season the leeches retire into deep water, and then their pursuers are compelled to strip naked and wade in up to their chins. This is terrible work as the bloodsuckers find many a more tender spot than the leg. An alternative to this plan is to take a raft out and dangle arms and legs in the water.

An expert catches many just as they are fastening on, and so saves a certain amount of blood. This is an important item. A good fisher can, if he is careful, go on for four or five hours on end before he gets exhausted from loss of blood. In that time he will have caught nearly two hundred leeches.

It is a funny, almost uncanny, sight to see these unhealthy-looking men wading along through marshes and swamps and dirty streams, their arms and legs bare, poking about among the rushes, and turning the mossy pebbles over with their toes in the hopes of stirring up some colony of leeches.

Every now and then they stop, and you see them raise one black bespeckled leg and pick away until the furious sucking on the other causes them to bring that up hastily for inspection, while the former takes its place as bait and standard.



A HOUSE FOR CYCLING.

THE wheeling craze has so taken hold of every class in Paris that avenue and park and country has not sufficed for them. The institution of the Velodrome, a combination of bicycle track and circus, rose. Then the great dance halls, like the Moulin Rouge, threw their doors open to bicycling during the morning.

The bicyclists of Paris have now a giant free club and flirting hall for rainy weather on the roadway to the park, and in the centre of that Paris which is new and chic.

The Palais Sport is five storeys high, a great round space, with a glass roof draped with a canopy of pink and white. Electric lights are everywhere, and round the track of the first floor the visitor sees a landscape in the fashion of a cyclorama, a smiling landscape to be ridden round without fear of dust, mud, mad dogs, or perambulators.

Behind this space, which is like a large circus ring, and in its centre there are promenades with little chairs and tables, while on a balcony an orchestra is playing always.

THIS IS A GOOD ONE.

ONCE, while a man was eating his breakfast on a summer morning, he saw an unfortunate fly stuck fast in the butter.

His first idea was to let it die by the point of his knife to the slow music of bad words, but being in the main a kind-hearted man, better thoughts came to him, and he decided to save its life.

So this kind, good man tenderly removed the fly, gently scraped the butter off its little legs, carefully wiped its wings with his table-napkin, and, softly stroking its little back, set it at liberty.

That night the fly woke him.

There was a burglar!

He was just putting the last of the family silver into his basket, preparatory to carrying it away; but when he saw the owner he dropped his plunder and fled through the open window. The fly, which had followed the man downstairs, buzzed triumphantly over the basket, and then settled confidently upon his hand.

And looking at it closely, the man, by a certain shiny look that lingered yet about its body, saw that it was the same fly that he had rescued from the butter.

He had spared its life, and in gratitude it had saved his silver.

Thus we see that kind actions rarely go unrewarded.

A LANDLORD IN GLOOM.

WIFE: "Who was that who called?"

Husband: "One of my tenants to pay me his rent."

"Did he pay it?"

"Yes."

"Then why do you look so gloomy?"

"He didn't say anything about wanting five or six hundred pounds worth of repairs."

"What of it?"

"That shows he's going to leave."

SCIENCE IN A NEW ROLE.

RIO DE JANEIRO, the capital of Brazil, has a notoriously bad climate. It is a fastness of yellow fever and subtle tropical ailments, and the death rate is so alarmingly high as to seriously affect the commercial prosperity of the city. Some time ago the Brazilian Government took in hand the question of removing their capital, and appointed a scientific commission to fix a site.

The commission has selected a plateau which should be a real land of promise to the transmigrants from the coast. The spot is over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and its temperature resembles that of middle France.

There is plenty of water for agriculture, and no yellow fever. The journey by rail from the coast is a matter of some eighteen hours. This is believed to be the first occasion on record in which science has been called in to choose the site of a capital.

ATTRIBUTES OF MAN.—David was only about five years old, but he was very anxious to be a man. One day when he had been thinking about the matter he came to his mamma and said:

"Oh, mamma, I do wish I had a vest and a bald head!"

SIR JOHN MACDONALD, the first Prime Minister of Canada, was fond of relating this story to illustrate the need of an Upper House:

"Of what use is the Senate?" asked Jefferson, as he stood before the fire with a cup of tea in his hand, pouring the tea into the saucer.

"You have answered your own question?" replied Washington.

"What do you mean?"

"Why did you pour that tea into the saucer?"

"To cool it."

"Even so," said Washington, "the Senate is the saucer into which we pour legislation to cool."

LADY ELAINE'S MARTYRDOM.

THIS, the latest addition to Pearson's Library, is really a very good six shilling novel for sixpence, and if it does not meet with a very large sale it will be a matter of surprise. The author, Mr. Frederick Leslie, knows how to write readable, concise, eventful fiction, and in the story before us he carries the reader irresistibly with him to the end. "Lady Elaine's Martyrdom" is essentially a love story, though not of the tame, commonplace kind. There are misunderstandings which excite both interest and curiosity; plots, ingenious and coldblooded, the development of which the dullest reader cannot fail to follow keenly; and while the passion of love is shown to ennoble some of the characters introduced, it has a widely different effect on at least one other. Cloud and sunshine alternate; and while over one or two persons in the drama the cloud hangs long, light and peace come at last.—*Halifax Courier.*

WOMEN DRESSED IN WOOD.

A PROCESS has been discovered by which a material closely resembling silk may be manufactured from wood. Even now women are walking about the streets of some Continental cities in the most elaborate gowns of silk in the manufacture of which the worm had no part. In fact, the silkworm is likely to lose its occupation.

The palm for this valuable discovery in chemical science must go to Switzerland, for a native of Zurich, Dr. Lehner by name, is the inventor of the process.

In the manufacture of the new fabric the principal ingredients used are sprucewood pulp, cotton or jute waste, combined with a large quantity of alcohol. The use of the substantial or solid materials mentioned creates a market for what was hitherto of no use whatever, being burned in factory furnaces to get it out of the way.

The material in its raw state is so much like the cocoon spun by the silkworm that when the two are placed side by side in a finished state it takes an expert to determine which is which.

This artificial silk has been spun in Bradford, and worked up into a large variety of fabrics. In the dyeing, weaving, and finishing of this no special treatment has been found necessary.

It has been dyed in all imaginable shades and colours, and owing to the peculiar qualities of the material, it takes a dye more readily and gives a more brilliant effect than the natural article.

CORPULENCY.—INCREASING POPULARITY OF AN EFFECTUAL CURE.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the nature of the extraordinary revolution in the cure of obesity which, within recent years, has been wrought by the original researches of that now eminent expert, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. It is evident that the certainty, the rapidity, and the agreeable surroundings of his curative process have been recognised, in a very large degree, among ladies and gentlemen belonging to the highest social circles. Keen observers who have an opportunity of judging inform us, through the pages of Society papers and otherwise, that owing to the general employment of Mr. Russell's treatment, extreme obesity is becoming as much a thing of the past as fashionable gatherings as intoxication; and no doubt it will soon be regarded as nearly as disgraceful. The issue of an eighteenth edition of the author's singularly convincing little text book, "Corpulency, and the Cure," however, serves to remind us that the popularity of the system has now reached spheres far remote from those of West-end fashion. The book of 256 pages may be had post free, by sending six penny stamps to Mr. Russell's office, as above; and it is worth the careful attention of those who wish to free themselves of a burden of fat—not merely because it is unseemly and adds enormously to the apparent age of the sufferer—but because extreme obesity terribly interferes with the energy necessary in these days of competition to make one's way in the world, or even to earn a very modest competency. A large proportion of the letters of Mr. Russell's grateful correspondents refer to their delight at being enabled—with in a very brief period, and without any irksome conditions implying semi-starvation—to attack their accustomed tasks with pleasure instead of wearied disgust, through being reduced to their normal weight. The popularity of the system is also largely due, doubtless, to the English hatred of mystery, which is utterly swept aside by Mr. Russell. He fully explains his *modus operandi*, and supplies the recipe for his preparation.

The following are extracts from leading journals:—

"DELIGHTFUL" TREATMENT FOR CURING CORPULENCY.

The process of curing any physical disorder is so generally the reverse of "delightful," that the use of this and similar terms in reference to Mr. F. C. Russell's now popular treatment for corpulency naturally attracts special attention. These terms are to be found in a large number of the letters included in the just issued 18th edition of Mr. Russell's little volume of 256 pages, "Corpulency, and the Cure" (Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.) These communications are from persons of both sexes, and it is apparent that their number is represented by thousands annually, who have found in this system of treatment a safe, rapid, and permanent cure for excessive fatness. This testimony forms in the aggregate, indeed, a wonderful record of the rapid reduction of excessive adipose tissue, and those who have personal reasons for being interested in the subject should send to the above address six penny stamps for a copy (post free) of Mr. Russell's notably suggestive little book. "I think the treatment most delightful," writes one out of a large number of

equally enthusiastic correspondents. And the expressions "Admirable tonic," "Splendid stuff," "A delicious beverage, mixed with mineral waters," are of constant recurrence in this singularly interesting correspondence. The details given by many of the writers of these letters as to the results of the treatment fully justify the use of such eulogistic phrases. It must certainly be delightful to experience the sensation of losing unnecessary and dangerous fat by pounds per week, and frequently stones per month, and that by the aid of treatment which simultaneously increases the appetite and renders its reasonable indulgence innocuous. The experience, too, must be rendered still more delightful by the knowledge, which may be gained from a perusal of Mr. Russell's book, that his preparation is a pure vegetable product, without any admixture of the mineral poisons which are too frequently administered. With a candour which also is delightful, Mr. Russell prints in his book the recipe for the preparation.

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A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages) and is a cheap issue (only

6d.), published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure; for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more, if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos, i.e., 34lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: 'Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations.'"

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight 11lb. or 21lb. daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success, and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient, in some cases, may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring recorder. The treatment aims at the actual root of obesity, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information, we may say that on sending sixpence in stamps a book entitled "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), containing a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign) and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

Dried Tongues should be soaked in warm water for at least twenty-four hours before cooking.

To Remove Ink or Fruit Stains from the hands, rub them well with a slice of raw apple.

Lemonade should never be made in a tin vessel, as the acid of the lemons with the tin forms a poison, which is very apt to produce severe sickness.

In a Clothes-press place a lump of fresh charcoal, for it will prevent the unpleasant smell which clothes have when they have long been stored away, and this especially applies to woollen goods.

Mutton Broth is best made from the scrag end of the neck, chopped in pieces, then well washed and soaked in warm water to draw out the blood. The broth should simmer very gently for several hours with rice, and be served with chopped parsley.

Clothes Posts soon decay at the bottom if left standing in the ground, but if fitted into sockets so as to be removable, they will last for years. A carpenter will put these in at a small cost, and those who do their own carpentering will save even the expense of labour.

German Biscuits. One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine sugar, one egg, and a good pinch of baking-powder. Rub the dry ingredients together, and mix to a paste, with the egg well whisked; roll out thin, and cut into round cakes. Bake in a moderate oven to a pale brown, arrange in pairs, with preserve between and icing on the top. These biscuits are popular at afternoon teas, etc.

Many Letters in praise of the ISOBEL IDEAL SEWING-MACHINE have reached us from ladies who have tested its efficacy. All agree that it is a perfect machine of its kind, works beautifully, and the mechanism is so simple that a child can understand it. The price, £1 ls. 6d., carriage paid to any railway station in the Kingdom, is wonderfully low.

A Good Tooth Wash such as you require can be made at home for a trifling cost, as follows: Dissolve two ounces of borax in three pints of boiling water; before quite cold add a teaspoonful of tincture of myrrh and a table-spoonful of good Eau de Cologne, or spirits of camphor. Half fill a tumbler with this solution, and add sufficient water to fill it up. Use this wash daily after each meal, and you will find your teeth are preserved and whitened. (Reply to TOM.)

A Savoury Dish, I think, suit many of my readers. Take two good rashers of bacon, which should weigh about four ounces, and place in a saucepan. On the bacon set four Spanish onions, of medium size, add pepper and salt. Cover the saucepan closely and leave on the stove to stew slowly for about three hours. The onions will then be in a brown gravy, add a little thickening and boil up. Serve in a small tureen with brown breadcrumbs scattered over. Those who like the onions to be very mild should parboil them first.

Swiss Beefsteak. Fry a steak till lightly browned on both sides, and cut it into good sized pieces. Place the beef in a jar, add an onion, stuck with cloves, and good seasonings of pepper, salt, and mace. Pour over just enough gravy or cold water to cover. Tie the jar over tightly, place it in the oven, and let the contents simmer for two and a half to three hours. Just before serving add a gill of claret and some seasoning balls, baked till well browned. To serve, take up the meat carefully and place it in a hot dish, arrange the seasoning balls round, and over all pour a good thick gravy.

Painters' Pickle for removing old paint is made as follows: Mix one and a half pounds of stone potash, one and a half to two pounds of soft soap, and half pound of washing soda together, and stir into a gallon of water. The pickle should then be boiled till the potash is melted. Apply this with a brush, work it in well, then let it stand for several hours. The work must afterwards be washed thoroughly with strong hot soda water, using no soap. N.B.—Great care must be taken in using this pickle, as it discolours the finger nails, and takes the colour out of anything it touches. (Reply to J. EDWARDS.)

When Making a Ginger Cake or pudding add the grated rind and juice of one large orange.

Cane-bottomed Chairs should be washed on the under side, using a sponge and hot water, with soap if much soiled. The cane should be completely soaked, and dried in the air.

Preserving Fruit. Your idea of adding gelatine to preserved fruit has many disadvantages, and I should prefer to add more sugar instead of it, and boil till all jellies. (Reply to S. B.)

To Set Delicate Colours in ladies' shirts or handkerchiefs, soak them ten minutes previous to washing in a pail of tepid water, in which two teaspoonfuls of turpentine have been stirred.

To Clean a Filter properly, besides scrubbing it all out well, the charcoal or carbon should be well boiled in a saucepan filled with cold rain-water. Place the carbon in cold water and bring to the boil. (Reply to R. PERRY.)

Lemon Syrup. Take half a gallon of simple syrup, and when cold add ten drops of oil of lemon and a quarter of an ounce of citric acid previously dissolved in rather over an ounce of boiling water. Mix, and if required add sufficient saffron to colour. (Reply to FENISCOWLER.)

Chili Sauce. Four quarts of tomatoes, four onions, six long peppers, six large spoonfuls of coarse brown sugar, one of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, ditto cloves and allspice. Skin the tomatoes, chop the onions fine, add to the dry ingredients, and boil all for about one hour. Bottle whilst hot, and tie over with bladder.

Keeping Apples during the winter is quite easy, provided you have the proper kinds. There are many varieties of apples which will not keep after October. Spread the apples on to shelves on the floor of an empty room, so that they do not touch each other. Whenever a bad apple is seen it should be removed and the space where it stood wiped dry. (Reply to GRESLEY WOOD.)

Try this Shaving Soap, and you will probably not suffer any longer from the irritation of which you speak. Melt together one and a half ounces each of almond oil and white wax, add gradually one and a half ounces of rose-water, and one and a half ounces of castile soap, which should be finely shredded. When all are well amalgamated, pour the soap into pots or jars for use. (Reply to GANT.)

Breakfast Jelly. Take some cold fowl, rabbit, or any kind of game. Boil three or four eggs hard, cut them in slices and place round a basin or mould. Out the meat and ham up very small and fill the basin. Boil all the bones with a few vegetables for two or three hours, strain carefully, season to taste, and add half an ounce of gelatine to each three-quarters of a pint of liquor. Pour slowly over the fowl and eggs and stand till cold. Turn out and garnish when quite cold.

This Brown Boot Polish recipe was sent me by a correspondent who had found it very good. Place in a bottle one ounce of salts of sorrel, one ounce of turmeric, half an ounce of cochineal, and one pint of water. Apply a little of the above with a sponge, and whilst wet commence to brush with a stiff brush. Apply plenty of elbow grease, finishing off the polish with a soft duster. There is nothing in this recipe to injure the leather, and if instructions are faithfully followed, a perfect polish is put on the surface. (Reply to GEORGE RICHMOND.)

Your Income is not Large, especially as many to provide for; but even if one has the money, I do not believe in dressing children elaborately while they are quite young. Your little ones are at an age when simplicity is the first essential in their dress, and with their natural beauty, you need not be afraid their appearance will in any way suggest your means are limited. The little frock in the sketch would suit your daughter of three beautifully. The pattern is only 6d., post free, and it has been cut in a size to suit children of two to four years. I am sure this costume could not fail to be becoming, carried out in any washing fabric, or even a thin woollen material in one of the many pretty art colours so popular. The small yoke into which the skirt is full is hardly perceptible, as it is nearly obscured by the deep turn-down collar, edged with a frill of embroidery. The sleeves are of the bishop shape, so are not only cool, but convenient for the laundress, if the dress is washable. (Reply to MOTHER OF FIVE, ELY.)



Blacking for Boots and shoes mixed with stale beer gives an extra and more lasting brilliancy to the polish.

Sufferers from Indigestion should take the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water, after each meal.

To Soften Rabbit Skins which have become hard by curing, rub them well between the hands a little at a time daily, till the whole skin becomes soft and pliable.

Boiling Water will Remove Fruit Stains if applied speedily. Put a bowl under the fabric where the stain is, and pour the boiling water through.

For Inflamed Eyelids. The white of an egg well beaten up with a little rose-water is a capital remedy. This should be applied on a soft rag, changing as it grows dry and hot.

When Sweetening Cakes, if you wish to use saccharine in the place of sugar, dissolve it in a little milk. Your cakes are probably heavy from insufficient baking, not from the effects of sugar. (Reply to JAPONICA.)

Baby's Mouth and gums should be washed every morning with tepid water in which a pinch of borax is dissolved. This simple lotion keeps the mouth fresh and sweet, and prevents the uncomfortable affliction, a sore mouth, with which I know so many poor babies are troubled.

Fruit Salad. Have as many kinds of fruits as are in season, adding to every pound of mixed fruit two bananas sliced finely and the juice of an orange. Cherries, currants, and raspberries blend well in a salad. Make a pint of clear thin syrup, add to it two tablespoonfuls of brandy, and, when cold, pour over the fruit. (Reply to BRYANSTON.)

Buttered Macaroni. Boil four ounces of macaroni till tender, in salted water. Put a piece of butter the size of a pigeon's egg in a well warmed deep plate, place the drained macaroni on it and work it over and over with two forks until well mixed. Scatter grated cheese over, with a slight dusting of cayenne pepper, and serve very hot.

The Silver Teapot of which you speak will never be kept nice and bright inside unless treated as follows: Twice a week, after using for breakfast, fill the pot with hot soda water and let it stand a couple of hours, and then rinse in plenty of warm water. When the teapot is cleaned outside with plate powder, it should also be polished inside and well rinsed before using. Any silver teapot which is not constantly soaked thus will acquire a sediment on the inside from the tea, which is most unwholesome. (Reply to IRMA.)

Pickle Walnuts when they are just soft enough for a pin to go into them. First make a brine of salt and water, boiled and strong enough to bear up an egg when quite cold. This should be well skimmed whilst boiling. Let the walnuts soak for six days in this, change the brine, and let them soak six more, then drain away the brine and place the walnuts in a jar. Make a pickle of the best white vinegar with a good quantity of pepper, pimento, ginger, mace, cloves, mustard-seed, and horse-radish, by boiling all together. When cold, pour over the walnuts and cover the jar closely, for if exposed to the air the pickle will be spoiled. The walnuts should be fit for use after six months, and the pickle will serve as a good ketchup when the walnuts are used. (Reply to BRETTONIAN.)

Isobel.

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Prevents Decay, Saves
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IN REPLY TO YOURS.

FIFTY pencil cases are offered this week for the most humorous comments on the first half-dozen facts which appear on page 123. The following is given as an example of the kind of thing wanted: "A year in the planet of Neptune equals 60,000 of our days. This saves a lot of expense in birthday presents." The competition closes on Tuesday, September 3rd. Envelopes to be marked "Comment."

D. T. F. writes: "Can you tell me how orthodox Hindus reconcile themselves to the use of soap, considering that it is against the principles of their religion to touch tallow or animal fat?"
The only soap which Hindus of the orthodox type employ is made entirely of vegetable products. But soap is little used in India. It is almost an unknown luxury with the natives. Among every hundred inhabitants of the country less than a shilling's worth of soap is used in the course of a whole year. The Hindus content themselves with cleaning their hands with common clay or soap-nuts, which answer the purpose better than one might expect.

A CORRESPONDENT makes mention of a curious incident. A few mornings ago a hawk pounced down on a thrush in his garden. At the same moment a cat sprang upon the hawk and bore it off triumphantly with the thrush still in its talons. Both birds were afterwards rescued uninjured.

IF a man grows fond of a paper there is nothing he will not do on its behalf. Out of a sense of gratitude he will make its welfare a personal concern. He will talk about it, write about it, criticise it, and advertise it. He will christen his children after the names of its stories, and even go about with a copy, like the golden hair in the song, hanging down his back. A. W. informs me that at the Lancashire and Kent cricket match a few weeks ago a man among the spectators might have been seen with the current number of *P.W.* hung from the back of his cap. He was also at the Lancashire and Yorkshire match—this enthusiast—and still advertising *P.W.* in the same conspicuous way. But why not have an entire suit of clothes made from the inside sheets with a *chic* red waistcoat. This would answer the same purpose, and clothes made of paper are, I understand, to be the fashion before long.

"WHY," asks a Curious Cockney, "do London eggs never taste fresh even when you go to the expense of keeping your own chickens?" I have long come to the conclusion that London chickens lay stale eggs. Why they do this one cannot say. Possibly it is a sort of protest against being confined in the sixteenth part of the ordinary backyard which is usually allotted to them. It may, however, be from a certain sense of fair play. They probably know something of the new laid and fresh eggs which are imported from the country. They realise what bad cases the grocers have to deal with. Not to spoil the cockney's taste they maintain an even standard. Now this is all very well from their point of view, but it is inflicting a very unpleasant yoke on the unfortunate consumer.

G. R. T. asks: "Is the boast true that the British Navy is equal, if not superior, to the navies of any two foreign powers?" A true estimate cannot be arrived at by a mere comparison of ships in commission. The whole available force of fighting ships as well as ships under construction must be taken into consideration. The French Navy is the navy next in importance to our own, and as it is only with France and Russia that we have any points at issue which are the least likely to lead to serious difference, it is usual to compare the strength of the British Navy with those of France and Russia combined. Of battleships of the first, second, and third class we have 43 built and 10 in the course of construction as compared with 23 of France and 10 of Russia built and 10 and 7 respectively in the course of construction. This gives a total of 53 against 50. Of those actually built we have the lead by 10 ships. Comparing coast defence ships we are supplied with 12 against 16 of France and 13 of Russia, with 3 in the course of construction. Of cruisers we have 79 built and 11 building. France has 14 built and 18 building. Russia 12 built and 1 building. Of look-out ships we have 19 against 12 belonging to France, and of torpedo gunboats we have 32, while France boasts 11 and 2 in the course of construction, and Russia a total of 8. To summarise, England, France, and Russia have now, apart from ships unlaunched:

	England.	France and Russia.
Battleships	43	33
Coast Defence Ships	12	29
Cruisers	79	26
Look-Out Ships	19	12
Torpedo Gunboats	32	19

In second-class battleships we are inferior, an inferiority which is more than compensated by superiority in battleships of the first class. In coast defence ships we are exceedingly weak, but, on the other hand, we hold an excessive lead in the matter of cruisers. Altogether, it may be truly stated that the standard of strength for the British Navy is quite superior to that of the navies of France and Russia combined.

CUNYNGHAME.—I am sorry to say that your idea was thought of at least ten years ago. Whether it was ever put into practical use or not I cannot say, only I remember seeing it stated that the waste cuttings of cork were then being employed for making bricks, for which it was claimed that they could be used for walls impervious alike to heat or damp. Unless I am mistaken, the cork cuttings were reduced to powder in a mortar, and mixed with lime or clay; from this composition the bricks were made in the usual way. The amount of time that clever and capable people waste in producing ideas or inventing machinery which has been in successful operation for years, or long since been committed to the limbo of impossible perfection and useless ingenuity is almost incredible. I do not say that it is always possible to discover beforehand whether one is first in the field or not. As a rule, however, it is, and only gross carelessness prevents people from making the necessary inquiries before embarking on an undertaking, the success of which is to depend on its originality.

M. C., referring to some mention of snails as food in this paper, writes:

In Herefordshire and Shropshire a belief exists in the efficacy of an extraordinary cure for weak legs among children. A number of snails are collected, inclosed in calico and smashed to pulp. The ointment thus obtained is spread on bandages and bound tightly round the legs. I once saw it tried on a little girl three years old, in the village of Anneley, and she certainly was soon able to walk, which she could not do before, although many other remedies had been tried without success.

G. J. K.—A million people could stand comfortably in a field one mile square. I wonder how many times *P.W.* and other periodicals have given this information.

Appropos of a recent article, I have received a letter from the Editor of the *JEWISH EXPRESS*, in which he informs me that there are now two Hebrew papers published in Jerusalem, and, from a current number lying before him at the time of writing, it is evident that there are not only newspapers in the Jewish capital, but a newspaper tax.

L. J. G. asks the following question: "If in a contested election no votes were recorded, how would the matter be decided?" Such a contingency, I imagine, could only occur if the voters who signed the nomination papers on both sides, and who presumably would have supported their own candidates, were blown up or drugged, or something like that, between the date of nomination and the day of election, while the appalling apathy of the remaining electors in the constituency prevented them from going to the poll. What would happen in such a case, I confess, I do not know. I suppose, however, the election would be decided by the Returning Officer, who would be called upon to give the casting vote as in the event of both candidates receiving an equal number of votes. Even this conundrum shrinks into insignificance beside another which might have to be faced without presupposing the extermination of some dozen or so worthy gentlemen. What, I wonder, would happen should the nomination papers of both the candidates be declared invalid owing to some technical error which had crept in unawares, or some want of conformity with the prescribed regulations? Were it to happen to one candidate, the other would be returned unopposed; but if it happened in both cases, what then, I should like to know?

CULLO asks me if there is such a drink as spruce beer, and if so, where it can be obtained. Spruce beer is the beverage of the fishermen around Newfoundland, Labrador, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is not the sort of drink that one serves at an English garden party, unless there is any particular reason for not wishing to see the guests again alive. The process by which it is prepared is delightfully simple. A few black spruce branches are chopped into small pieces and thrown into a pot containing some six or eight gallons of water. The pot is now hung over a fire for several hours. Then the liquor is strained into a cask. Treacle is added, a pint of the grounds of the last brewing, and, if possible, a few hops are put in, the cask filled up with cold water, and left to ferment.

CITY CLERK is suffering from a disease corresponding to housemaids' knee. Everyone who has work to do at a desk knows what it is to have shiny elbows. Is it possible to raise the nap on the cloth again? First of all, the sleeve must be soaked for half an hour in cold water. Then lay on a board and rub the threadbare parts with a half worn hatters card, filled with a prickly thistle, until a nap is raised. Hang up to dry, and with a hard brush lay the nap the right way. In the trade the nap on cloth is always raised by means of those prickly heads of the teasel now so common in many parts of England. No mechanical contrivance has yet been found to equal teasel for this purpose. The heads are cut off when the plant is in flower, and fixed on the circumference of a wheel or cylinder, which is made to revolve against the surface of the cloth. In France, 6,000 acres are devoted exclusively to the production of this thistle. French manufacturers use teasels to the value of £300,000, and export £500,000 worth, or some 60,000 tons of the prickly heads.

CORPORAL R. GORDON-COSSINS.—I am always glad to hear from my army readers. Your suggestion shall be borne in mind. For the present, however, I cannot see my way to devoting more than one and a half columns to barrack-room literature.

ONCE more I have to acknowledge a very encouraging list of subscriptions to the *FRESH AIR FUND*. W. T. L., in forwarding a contribution of 1s. 3d., says he will have much pleasure in sending a subscription every week until the end of 1895, and he hopes others will follow his example. August 27th, by the way, is the day on which a party of 200 children will be taken into the country at the expense of Mr. J. C. Eno, of Fruit Salt fame.

AMONG the other amounts received will be noticed £39s. from Mr. Q. Maiden, who writes from the Metropolitan Hotel, Delhi; £2 collected by Mr. A. Eliot among the works in the Kimberley Diamond Mines, Africa.

THE result of the last collecting competition was most satisfactory. Mr. Andrew B. Rankine, of the British South Africa Co., Salisbury, Rhodesia, who forwarded £13 to the office, receives the first prize—a three-guinea suit of clothing. Mr. Levy, of the Guildford Cycling Club, obtains the second prize—a guinea case of crockery, for collecting £9 3s. 0½d.; while the third and fourth prizes—Ewbank Carpet Sweepers—fall to the share of Miss Birdie Zierrogel, Boksburg, S. A. Republic, and Mr. H. Baker, care of G. Monro, Covent Garden, London, W.C., who sent in £6 6s. 4d. and £5 14s. 6d. respectively.

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing another competition of the same kind which will close on September 12th. To the reader of *P.W.* who collects the largest amount for the F.A.F. before that date will be given a Guinea Set of Pottery by the Pearson's Pottery Co., of Hanley, Staffs. The second prize is an Automatic Golf Caddie, value one guinea, presented by Messrs. T. Walters and Co. of 77, Cheviot Mews, Tottenham Court Road, London, W. The third and fourth prizes, Ewbank Carpet Sweepers, value 12s. each, given by Messrs. Entwistle and Kenyon, Accrington.

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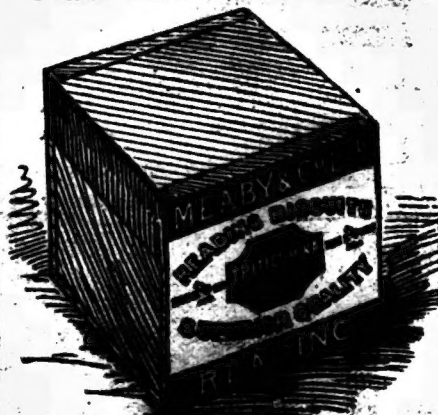
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